

# The Nation.

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## The Week.

SENATOR SHERMAN has written a very remarkable letter to the *Financier*, replying to the criticisms of that journal on his finance bill recently passed. In it he says that "neither the fractional currency nor the eighty-two millions redeemed can be reissued, and that he stated so when the bill was pending under debate, and no lawyer could put a different construction on the bill." Now, if the report of the *Congressional Record* be correct, Mr. Sherman, on being pressed by Mr. Schurz and Mr. Bayard on this very point, fenced with the question; he did not say that the eighty-two millions "could not be reissued"; he said "frankly that he did not propose to decide that question in this bill"; "that the question would be met" when "the time arrived." On the contrary, he left "every senator to decide for himself what the law was," i.e., whether the notes could be reissued under the term "redeemed," and "if there was a doubt about it," he said, "it was not wise, as practical men dealing with practical affairs, seeking to accomplish a result, to introduce into the bill a controversy which would prevent the unity necessary to carry out the good that is contained in the bill." Now, we think this fully justifies the application of the term "evasion" to the bill, of which Mr. Sherman complains. He says now that no lawyer could put a different construction on the phraseology of the bill on this point, which is a very singular assertion. We must remind him that this very question arose under the act of 1866, on the interpretation of the word "retire," and that Mr. Boutwell put his own meaning on it, and began issuing old greenbacks as fast as he pleased; that the Finance Committee of the Senate reported, by five to two, that he was wrong in his construction of the law; but that he, thinking himself as good a lawyer as any of them, paid no attention to them, and his political son, Mr. Richardson, followed his example. We can understand why Mr. Sherman drew the bill as he did, and defended it as he did; but why he should have written this letter to the *Financier* puzzles us greatly. He also says that last session "the press scolded Congress for their long and fruitless debates on finance, so this session they resolved they would pass a bill without much debate." It is difficult to understand the state of mind in which this was written. The press scolded last year because months were occupied in debating whether we would ever return to specie payments at all; this year the press demands debate on the best mode of returning to specie payments. The two questions may be covered by the general term "finance," which is what has evidently imposed on Mr. Sherman; but they have no real connection. If a man were to pass months studying astrology and casting nativities, would any newspaper which found fault with this mode of passing his time be estopped from asking him to acquaint himself with the Copernican system of astronomy, on his proposing to take charge of the Naval Observatory?

In view of the revelation, both by the wording of the act and Mr. Sherman's language in the debate, of a loophole through which some future Boutwell or Richardson may pour out the "redeemed" greenbacks whenever it seems desirable to "ease the market" or "move the crops," and in view of the upward tendency of gold, we would once more call the attention of persons lending money payable at distant dates to the desirableness of doing business on a gold basis. If the community are not ready to contract in gold, as in California, it is very easy to draw a contract limiting the depreciation of legal-tender notes, and to give the holder of the security the option of placing his obligation upon a gold basis at the present price of currency. Payment of mortgages can be extended by an agreement on the part of the mortgagor "that at all time and

times hereafter whenever any instalment of principal or interest now due or hereafter to become due may be tendered or demanded, the mortgagee may elect to receive payment in the gold coin of the United States of America of the standard in weight and quality designated in the Act of Congress of the United States, known as the Coinage Act of 1873, at the rate of eighty-eight gold dollars for one hundred dollars in United States notes, commonly called legal-tenders." Leases, promissory notes, and all obligations can be drawn on the same principle, which would be prudent and expedient when payable at a distant period of time, or in the apprehension of great fluctuation in the value of paper-money from commercial causes or unwise legislation. Our savings-banks hold very large investments in matured bonds and mortgages which now could be secured against any very serious depreciation. It is a sacred duty which the trustees of those institutions owe to the community to protect the savings of the poor from even the remote and possible bankruptcy of the future. The plan has already been adopted by many persons, and is working successfully. We have before us at this moment a form of agreement used (by a gentleman who holds a large number of trusts) in all extensions of mortgages now made by him, from which we have quoted the above phraseology.

Among the remarkable results thus far of the senatorial contests pending in various States has been the election of Mr. Cockrell, formerly a Confederate general, to succeed Mr. Schurz. Mr. Cockrell has of course no pretensions to Mr. Schurz's knowledge, ability, and experience, and enters the Senate solely as "a simple-minded, sagacious man," and a good fellow, who is liked by his old comrades. He made a plain speech after his election repudiating all love of extreme courses. General Burnside has succeeded after a prolonged contest in Rhode Island, and is personally unexceptionable. One struggle which was very fierce, that in Tennessee, has had a comical conclusion in the election of our old friend Andrew Johnson. Most people will smile on hearing this, and "the greatest criminal of the age" will probably for the next six years perform the harmless duty of amusing the people whose liberties he was supposed six years ago to be on the point of destroying. Mr. Dawes has obtained Mr. Sumner's seat, somewhat unexpectedly, partly owing to the mistake of the Democrats in losing time over a complimentary vote. If they had done at first what they showed a willingness to do at last, Mr. Adams would probably have been elected. Mr. Dawes was guilty last fall of the worst offence of which an American politician can at this juncture be guilty, and it came on the heels of several other offences of the same character, though less in degree. The support of him, therefore, by such papers as the *Boston Advertiser*, is another illustration of the hopelessness of what is called "reform within the party." Mr. Kernan, who goes to the Senate from this State, is an able and honest gentleman, a Catholic of Irish descent, and a lawyer by profession. Mr. Randolph is a good selection in New Jersey, though he took part in the Greeley movement, and made some odd speeches in it.

In Congress, a great many speeches have been made, and more are still making, on the Louisiana question. The Senate has resolved to confine speeches on the Appropriation Bills to five minutes; has killed the measure for creating a new Bureau of Statistics and Commerce, and passed the bill making Patchogue, L. I., a port of entry; and discussed Senator Morton's bill providing for a constitutional amendment to popularize Presidential elections. In the House, on Judge Hoar's motion, a committee of enquiry was appointed to report on the arrest of witnesses subpoenaed before Congressional Committees. The House has passed the "Little Tariff" Bill, and also a bill for the relief of the *Polaris* survivors; has agreed to the repeal of the Pacific Mail subsidy; and voted down a one-term resolution. Both Houses

received a message from the President recommending appropriations for heavy guns for sea-coast fortifications.

The reckless and carpet-bag element in the Republican party got up some strange plans in caucus last week, and proposed to modify the rules so as to cut off all dilatory motions during the remainder of the session, and thus give the control of the House to the majority, and enable it to push through in hot haste a series of somewhat audacious measures, such as bills upsetting the State governments, authorizing the President to suspend the habeas corpus, and making a combination of any two persons to commit an unlawful act a case of "invasion" or "insurrection" calling for the use of the army and navy, and making appropriations for two years, so as to deprive the next Congress of the control of the public expenditures. These schemes were rendered all the more outrageous by the fact that the present Congress is a genuine Rump—that is, a legislative assembly from which the voters have formally withdrawn their confidence. Whether this is to be regretted or not, it is a fact which members of Congress, like other citizens, are bound to respect, and all legislation therefore of the "snap" kind performed before March 4. and intended to settle leading questions of the day which were before the country at the last election, so as to deprive the new Congress of the control of them, is morally fraudulent. The desperadoes introduced their resolution to alter the rules in due course, Mr. Cessna characteristically moving it, but, as it required a two-thirds vote, they were defeated by the aid of sane Republicans, by 98 to 150—a narrow escape.

The official correspondence on Louisiana sent to the Senate by the President contains some very startling documents. It opens with a telegram from General Emory, dated December 16, to the following effect: "Since my despatch of yesterday, information comes which I think justifies the conclusion that personal violence and armed conflict will not be used by the contending parties to settle the pending political troubles in this city"; while on December 24, Lieutenant-Colonel Morrow, specially detailed to proceed to the Red River country and make a thorough examination of the condition of affairs, having returned to New Orleans, and maturely considered the subject, reported that there was no need of more troops in that neighborhood. His words are:

"The present State government cannot maintain itself in power a single hour without the protection of the Federal troops, and even with this protection they will not be able to collect taxes and perform the functions of government. The State government has not the confidence or respect of any portion of the community." Further on, he says: "If the expressions of the people are to be believed—and I do believe them—there is a very sincere desire to live quietly under the protection of the Constitution of the United States, and to enjoy the blessings of the national Government; but there is no disguising the fact that the protection afforded by the Federal Administration to the government of the present State Executive, is the cause of bitter personal and political feeling in the breasts of nineteen-twentieths of the white inhabitants of the State."

This report was forwarded to General Sherman, and by him to Washington, with the following endorsement:

"This paper is most respectfully forwarded to the Secretary of War, with a request that he submit it for the personal perusal of the President. I know of no officer of Colonel Morrow's rank who is better qualified to speak and write of matters like this, and his opinions are entitled to great consideration. I profess to have some knowledge of the people of that section, both white and black, from a long residence among them before the war and several visits since, but I shall not intrude my opinion in the confusion in which the subject is now enveloped."

On this same day General Sheridan assumed command at New Orleans; that is to say, he was sent there with general liberty to do what he chose at the very time that the Government, through the General of the Department, was investigating the disorders. So hurriedly and unexpectedly was this done that the

act amounts to a direct insult to Sherman, but we can understand the whole thing when we reflect that, unless the Legislature had been dispersed on the day it was, there would be now a peacefully organized government in the State—but it would not have been Kellogg's.

Irwin has at last testified as to what he did with the Pacific Mail money entrusted to his care for the purpose of corrupting Congress, and it turns out that he has paid most of it in large sums to Schumacker, King, and a man named Whiting, without instructions as to what they were to do with it or whom they were to corrupt with it, or calling upon them for any account. In fact, he gave them *carte blanche* to corrupt anybody they could, relying on their reputation as skilled workmen. Schumacker, who seems to be one of the most unblushing corruptionists in public life, received \$300,000 instead of \$275,000, the sum which was traced into his hands, and positively declines to tell anybody what he did with the money. King has disappeared, and Whiting not been heard from. The investigation has resulted thus far in disclosing in great detail the nature of the operations usually carried on by the lobby, and, looked at from that point of view, it is instructive. Besides the disclosures of Irwin, the principal event of the week has been a statement made at the bar of the House by another recusant witness, Wetmore, a newspaper correspondent who had managed to make himself into a martyr by refusing to tell the name of a certain imaginary person referred to by him as the author of some scandalous tales about the corruption of Mr. Beck, of Kentucky, which he was busily engaged in disseminating by means of his newspaper. This witness, on being brought before the House, made a speech in which he admitted that he could not now give the name of the author of the story, but intimated that he thought he might be able to do so with the assistance of Mr. Beck, and expressed the hope that the latter would help, "so that he [Beck] and all honest men might be found innocent in the maelstrom of overwhelming charges; so that the goats might be selected from the sheep, and so that the sheep might be selected from among themselves by the Darwinian process of investigation—then they would all grow purer and purer until they became angels of virtue." On this Mr. Wetmore was sent to jail again for contempt, and it is said that there was a pretty general feeling in the House that he was insane—a conclusion reached chiefly through reflection upon the peroration we have just quoted. This is a cheering indication of the intellectual progress of the members, for most people who have, for their sins, to read the proceedings of Congress would probably find it difficult to distinguish between the rhetoric of Mr. Wetmore and that which adorns the orations of many a senator and representative.

The failure of Mr. Henry Clews, lately one of the brokers of the United States Government in London, throws some melancholy light on the management of the Treasury in the days of Messrs. Boutwell and Richardson. The Government funds had been in the hands of the Barings from the foundation of the Government, and a house of the standing of the Barings was undoubtedly the proper custodian of them, even if they had no traditional claim to confidence. But, on pretence of wishing to put them in the hands of a thoroughly "American" firm, they were handed over to a new firm, composed of Mr. Clews, an Englishman, who was just becoming known as a dealer in money in this city, and had a very moderate capital, and Mr. Habicht, a Swede, who had never dealt in money and had no capital at all. The real explanation was that Mr. Clews was an active politician of the Custom-house school, who contributed largely to campaign funds and figured very prominently in the newspapers. The new house had been taking care of the Government money for about a year when the panic came, and then it went to pieces, and after a feeble attempt to rally has gone into bankruptcy, and the published schedule of its assets has astonished a generation which has had considerable experience of worthless stocks and bonds and unpaid



coupons. It is thought the estate will pay from ten to twenty cents on the dollar. How much the Government loses we do not exactly know. Taking the affair in connection with the Treasury relations to Jay Cooke & Co., it must be pronounced a bad attempt to use one of the most sacred public trusts—the care of money—to reward party “workers” of a low order.

The war between the German Government and the Church rages with undiminished fury, but there is not the smallest sign of practical popular adhesion to the cause of the clergy. There are plenty of addresses of sympathy to the “persecuted” priests and bishops, but not the least tendency to aid them in any more substantial way. The middle-class Liberals cheer Bismarck on; the peasantry look on passively; and the state officials, Catholic as well as Protestant, execute the law with remorseless vigor. The Bishop of Paderborn, who was the only German bishop who supported the dogma of infallibility at the Council, has now at last been deposed from his office, as far as the temporal power can do it, and will probably be expelled from the kingdom. The sentence found him in prison, where he was expiating several other offences, such as refusal to allow his clerical schools to be visited by Government inspectors, and appointing parish priests without the approval of the authorities, and publishing vituperative pastorals against the Government, and excommunicating priests for obeying the law. To what lengths of absurdity the Papal party in Germany are ready to go, and how richly they need the discipline they are receiving, may be conjectured from the fact that one of their leading organs, the *Schlesische Volks-Zeitung*, declares that “the Pope has the right to depose sovereigns even now, and is likely to exercise this right in future,” and then goes on to explain in what contingencies. The present German sovereign, having been “baptized in the name of God,” he is not likely to interfere with, but if any one of them was to become a Turk, or a Unitarian, or licentious like the Elector of Hesse or like Queen Elizabeth, “the great female assassin,” there would be “no reason why the Pope should not use his power, and send such princes to the right-about. . . . If a Pope finds that a dynastic firm has become bankrupt and lost the favor of heaven, he is perfectly justified in sequestering the business, and forbidding all whom it may concern to have any further dealings with the insolvent potentate.” It must be admitted that Christians like these will be none the worse of an occasional visit from the police.

Bismarck has made a fresh contribution to the controversy by publishing a confidential circular-despatch which he sent to the German diplomatic agents in May, 1872, touching the next Papal election. It is to this event that the minds of the combatants are really now secretly turned, because there is a general expectation that it will bring about a total change in the relations of the Papacy both to Italy and other Continental powers. The despatch calls attention to the fact that even under the old régime, when the bishops were independent, the Great Powers really interfered in the election, and the Roman Emperor and Kings of France and Spain had the right of ruling out candidates who were specially obnoxious. Now that the bishops have been converted into the mere tools or agents of the Pope, this interference is doubly necessary. “For these reasons,” he says, “those governments concerned in the election of a Pope, for the ecclesiastical interests of their Catholic subjects, and the position of the Catholic Church in their countries, should approach the question in time, and if possible agree upon a common attitude and the conditions on which they will recognize the next Pope. Could an agreement upon this head be effected between the European governments, this would be of immense importance, and perhaps might obviate serious complications.” In England, the Bishop of Salford has directed his priests to refuse the sacraments to Mr. Petre, a distinguished Catholic gentleman, on account of a letter written by him in the *Times* repudiating the dogma of infallibility, and Dr. Newman has written a pamphlet on the relations of his Church to the state which shows

plainly that he does not accept the dogma in the sense in which its more ardent advocates affirm it, and that he disapproves of the Pope's surroundings and of the influences under which the old man acts.

The result of Marshal MacMahon's Message to the Assembly of the 6th inst., of which we spoke a fortnight ago, urging the passage of a constitutional bill providing for the transmission of his own powers in case of his death, is that the demands of the *ad interim* ministry for the discussion of the bills on Friday last was met by a vote setting them down for Thursday last; and on that day the bill known as M. Ventavon's, creating a Second Chamber and making the ministry responsible to the Assembly, giving the President the power of dissolution, and providing that at the close of his term the two Chambers then sitting should in joint Convention decide definitively on the form of the government, was brought up. On Friday, after a sharp debate, the Right apparently fighting hard, the bill was read a second time by 557 to 146—or, in other words, passed. On Monday, the bill creating the Senate also was read a first time by 512 to 188. All this differs from the programme originally proposed, and in which the ministry was defeated, simply or mainly in the fact that the Government desired to have a Second Chamber created in advance of everything else. The main objection of the Left to the present bills is that they contain no formal recognition of the Republic, and the Legitimists are opposed to them for the reason that though they leave the form of the government still an open question, they provide a tribunal to settle it. The majority is mainly the result of a series of conferences between the Marshal and the members of the Assembly of all parties, in which he showed that he was willing to accept support from any quarter in putting an end in some degree at least to the provisional state of things. He has thus probably got as much certainty about the future as can possibly be extracted from the present Assembly. The next step must be dissolution.

The details of the last revolution in Spain have come out by mail, and they present a somewhat ludicrous picture of the conversion of a republic into a monarchy. Indeed, there is something farcical in all Spanish revolutions, because the revolutionists on neither side seem to care much about the matter, and change their government apparently much like boys, who pass in weariness from one game to another. When the first news of what was impending reached the ministry in Madrid, they telegraphed to Serrano to come back, but he, like a wag that he is, replied that he was first going to fight a desperate battle with the Carlists, and couldn't. Of course, he had not the smallest intention of fighting. When all was over, he went over the frontier into France, not because he was displeased at what had occurred, but because, as he says, his presence at Madrid might just at this moment embarrass the new government. The ministry, as a last resource, issued a vigorous denunciation of the Alfonsists in the *Gazette*, and then abandoned their posts. What precipitated their abdication was, not a canvass of the people, but an examination of the state of feeling in the various barracks of Madrid. It was found on enquiry that the troops had no intention of doing any fighting on this particular occasion, on learning which the ministers resigned, or rather disappeared from the public gaze. In fact, the public seems to have had nothing to do with this revolution whatever. The Madrid people seem pleased with the decision of the army, and even the Red and turbulent Barcelona takes it quietly. Campos, the general who got it up, appears to be a thorough adventurer, always on the lookout for some happy stroke, who was living under a cloud in Madrid when he planned the restoration, and he did not hesitate to begin the great work with two battalions, before whom he waved his hat and hurrahed for Alfonso. Probably the feeling of all the other generals now is—what a lucky dog he was to have thought of this first. The Spanish funds have risen under the change to about fourteen cents on the dollar, congratulations are pouring in on the Prince from the other crowned heads, and there is talk of peace with the Carlists.

## THE SENATORIAL ELECTIONS.

THE chief thing which the people of this country have been for some time asking of the two political parties which control its various governmental affairs, is that official power be confided only to men of fair intelligence and unquestionable integrity. The request is reasonable—so reasonable that an inhabitant of any other civilized country might suppose it to be needless. Yet there is no other request of the people which has been so flagrantly and defiantly refused; and the refusal extends through our executive departments, post-offices, and custom-houses, through our city and county offices, through our State and National legislatures, until at last it reaches as high as the Senate of the United States. Our senators are singularly limited in number; they are peculiarly chosen by a supposed double process of selection; they combine functions which are legislative in making our laws, with functions which are executive in restraining the President; and their term of office is longer than that of any other of our elective officers, exceeding even that of the President himself. Under such conditions, it would seem as if an office of such responsibility must be always carefully guarded and honorably filled.

The extreme lowness into which our political matters have sunk at the present time cannot be more clearly stated than by saying that, to-day, the highest principle which can actuate the conscientious citizen leads him to cast his vote almost exclusively with reference to the selection of men. In other words, our political management has gone down so far that the thoughtful and conscientious perceive it to be a vital matter of principle merely to get upright and competent men into office. The maxim of voting for principles, not men, still holds its place, but the cardinal principle for which all others must be postponed consists in getting honor and integrity and intelligence to accept the trust of government. The last election unmistakably demonstrated that a considerable portion of our people have gradually adopted these views, and that they are resolved that the public safety at last requires that this country shall be governed not by Democrats so much as by better men. No Republican stayed at home or went over to the other side because of confidence in previous Democratic management. The change was made to check existing maladministration, to restore a wholesome doctrine of party accountability, and to bring into public life the best class of candidates that we possess. If forty such men as Messrs. Foster and Potter and Phelps, taken equally from the two parties, could be sent to-morrow to the United States Senate, the better half of the American people would give a sigh of relief, and devoutly thank heaven for the mercy, without casting one regretful thought at the subject of political gains or losses.

The United States Senate, considered as a political field, has two peculiar attributes. First, it is the field from which party management can most easily keep out bad material—for but a single senator is chosen at a time; he represents an entire State; the machinery for choosing him is that which party management most completely controls; and the position is still accounted one of great honor, being in popular estimation only below the offices of President and Vice-President. Secondly, the Senate is the political field in which bad material lasts the longest, and in which good material can effect the greatest good; for it is invested with the double power of correcting the eccentricities of the Executive and of curbing the stampedes of the House. If only the Senate were made up of high-minded, courageous, and intelligent men really devoted to the work of good government, we might lay aside solicitude, and feel assured that though our government might not go forward very fast, yet still that it would not go very far astray. Conversely, let any one conceive of our foreign relations being controlled by such men as Butler and Chandler, and Logan and Pinchback; some of whom would think it a fine piece of patriotic bluster to break off friendly relations with a foreign power, while the others would deem it a "smart" thing to step into Wall Street betimes and make fortunes out of the fall of stocks.

If the capabilities of the Senate for conservative action or profitable mischief were fully appreciated, it would be the chief subject of contest between anxious citizens on the one side, and unscrupulous managers on the other; and it is not unlikely that the future rise or fall of our Government will hinge upon its improvement or decline.

Into this Government of ours there has been slowly eating its way a disease or dry-rot, consisting of a low standard of character, which believes in avoiding indictable offences, and the taking of specific bribes for specific acts, and such crimes as theft and perjury; but which allows men in public office to make money from their offices by indirect methods so long as they are not guilty of direct embezzlement, and to equivocate provided they avoid a downright lie, and to wink at the crimes of their political associates upon condition that they keep the stolen money out of their own pockets. In studying this disease, let us consider in connection with our highest legislative body such cases as Mr. Harlan becoming the voluntary tool of a few unscrupulous, unprincipled stock-jobbers; Mr. Cole, through the influence of \$100,000 paid to his brother-in-law, becoming the chief manager of the opposing set, the same senator suspiciously smuggling the Sanborn amendment through the Senate without debate (conduct which has increased significance since the Pacific Mail exposure); Mr. Conkling listening, to say the least, in the New York Custom-house while his appointees were planning the plunder of New York merchants; Mr. Carpenter, unrebuked, deriding every one who tried to prevent the back-salary embezzlement, or elevate the degraded civil service of the Government; Mr. Stewart colluding with the American Minister to defraud unsuspecting foreigners who foolishly believed that the honor of American dignitaries was of as high a caste as their own; and finally, though the list of cases might be indefinitely prolonged, men of as good previous reputation as Mr. Patterson and Mr. Dawes allowing a shrewd man like Oakes Ames to entangle them in his toils. From the examination of such cases every reflecting person must turn away with the conviction that the standard of character in a public body where such things can exist must be low. It is not to be inferred that every man there is necessarily bad. We all know that Oakes Ames never had his hand on Mr. Sumner. We also know that for him to have put his money in Mr. Sumner's pocket would have been to put it where it would do the most harm. And we take these to be the three types of men that make up such a body as the present Senate of the United States—the bad, the weak, and the morally courageous. For some time past the selection of senators by party managers has resulted necessarily in sending up a large proportion of the weak element; for party managers cautiously recede from putting the downright bad in too responsible stations, and cannot from the nature of things make terms with the morally robust. Fortunately for the country, however, it begins to be perceived that, apart from ignorance and incapacity, there are two dangerous classes of politicians in public life—the bad and the weak—and that these in all moments of difficulty are practically united. It may be said that the former are few, but what matters that if at critical times they are sure to be reinforced from the full ranks of the latter? The constant recurrence of combinations between the bad elements and the weak elements of public management is the alarming fact which rouses people to demand the selection of better men.

To cut out this disease, it is by no means necessary that we have demigods in Congress, nor even great men like Clay and Calhoun. It will be amply effective to fill Congress with such members as Mr. Willard of Vermont or Mr. Foster of Ohio, and to keep them there. Mr. Willard, for some outspoken words against the President, it will be recollected, was promptly "beaten in convention" by the party management in Vermont; but Mr. Foster will have the opportunity of laying the country under renewed obligations. Now, what are the chief obligations which Mr. Foster has laid upon us? for he is not a striking orator like General Logan, nor a dispenser of offices like Mr. Conkling, nor a leader of the party like General Butler, nor even the Father of the House like Mr. Dawes. When Mr. Foster, in company with Mr. Beck, stumbled upon the Sanborn



contracts, he walked courageously forward with his rough-spoken political opponent, and in a quiet, unpretentious way did in Congress the honest work of an honest man unflinchingly against his party. In this recent New Orleans business he has again elected to walk in the same straightforward course, and has preferred to throw the moral weight of a unanimous report in support of an unfortunate community to bolstering up his party by raising a quantity of false issues and bringing in irrelevant matters. The severity with which he has been treated by his political associates in Congress and the abuse and ridicule thrown at him by some of the newspaper organs for not "standing by his party," show pretty conclusively that if it were before election instead of after, the party management would endeavor to get rid of Mr. Foster as effectually as it got rid of Mr. Willard. Certainly, every State has men enough of this stamp to change the character of Congress and effect all needed reforms, if party management would permit them to undertake the work.

Such being the necessities and possibilities of the case, what grounds of public confidence have been laid by party management since November in the senatorial elections? On the Republican side, party management has struggled to retain the very worst men in the Senate, and has in no instance attempted to effect a change for the better, and has, in every instance where two Republicans were in the field, selected him who possessed the least of public confidence. On the Democratic side, the good and bad elements are mixed; there is a great falling short of good professions, but there is not the invariable defiance of public opinion which characterizes the Republicans. In Indiana, Mr. Voorhees has certainly been set aside. In Ohio and Delaware, the two ablest Democratic senators have been re-elected. In New York, we see the benefit of having party management in respectable hands, for, while there has been a strict party choice, the choice has fallen upon a gentleman of excellent character and unquestionable ability. In New Jersey, the selection is probably the best that the party could have made. But on the other hand, it is unfortunately equally true that in the two States which have been most anxiously watched, Missouri and Pennsylvania, Democratic management has rejected the man who of all in the country ought to have been elected, and has chosen the politician who of all in the State ought to have been rejected. To one Democratic caucus, however, the country ought to be thoroughly grateful, for it allowed its members to be led by their common-sense, and they were rewarded with the success which generally attends common-sense. In Michigan, they have struck down one of that class who combine ignorance, audacity, bad habits, official patronage, and unscrupulous wealth, and have secured for the Senate one of that class through whom, if the American Government is to be saved, its elevation will be accomplished. No party management can do more than this, and when such management becomes the rule, this country, though it may have much to be divided upon, will have very little to regret.

#### THE FARMERS AND THE SUPREME COURT.

WITHIN the last few weeks the newspapers have been full of despatches and predictions from Wisconsin to the effect that the present session of the legislature of that State will repeal or substantially modify the Potter Railroad Law. We have ourselves very good reason to believe that these anticipations are well grounded, inasmuch as we understand that a loan needed in Wisconsin for public improvements has been refused by English capitalists solely because of the existence of the Potter Law, and that the only hope of effecting it now lies in an alteration of the law. It seems to be generally believed, too, that if this particular measure is struck off the rolls the trouble will be over, that the capitalists will be satisfied and happy, and money will flow freely as of old from the plethoric coffers of London, Boston, and New York into the Northwest. So far as the repeal or modification of the Potter Law goes, every one must be rejoiced to hear of this proof of returning wisdom, and our readers will bear us witness that we

have never expressed a belief in the permanence of this notorious piece of legislation. But we expect and demand a great deal more than this, and every one, either in Europe or America, who is interested in the stock or bonds of any Western railroad, will recognize the justice of the demand. What is needed now, in the interest of every one who either has property or the hope of acquiring property, is an authoritative exposition by the highest and final tribunal of the country of the rights of people who invest their earnings in the securities of railroads, on the faith of charters granted them by States or the United States. The withdrawal of the suits now pending in the Supreme Court at Washington, in consideration of the repeal or modification of the Potter Law, would really leave the matter exactly where it now is—would give the bond and share holders no more guarantees than they have now, would abridge no right now alleged to exist on the part of the State, and would leave the whole matter to be reopened as soon as the next era of railroad speculation and extravagant town-bonding should give the farmers reason to believe that they were not making money fast enough.

Let no one suppose for a moment that this is a forced statement of the motives which have guided the Grangers in their assault upon railroad property. They maintain, indeed, that they have a legal theory of the relation of corporations and the state at the bottom of their demands, but this is a sheer fabrication. Their theory now is that railroads are public highways, and therefore the tolls taken on them must be such as the public deems reasonable. It is not more than half-a-dozen years, however, since throughout the West there was a great farmers' movement directed to the sole end of getting the courts to declare the direct opposite of this—that a railroad was a purely private enterprise, and had no public character whatever. The explanation of this inconsistency is simple enough. It is that in the first instance the farmers wanted the courts to declare that bonds, issued by themselves in their corporate capacity of towns and counties in aid of railroads, were illegal, and on that account they need not pay the interest. To do this it was necessary that the roads should be decided to be private companies, in aid of which of course public taxation or loans were unlawful. Now, however, what the Grangers want is to make the roads carry grain at such prices as will make farming remunerative when it does not pay to farm, and therefore they have gone into court to procure decisions to the effect that railroads are public highways. This is not a mere technical inconsistency which it is for lawyers to explain and dissipate; it is in reality a glaring and insolent assertion on the part of the Grangers that they do not care what the law is, or what justice is, but that they propose to frame, whenever they either wish to stop payments of their own debts to railroads, or wring some money out of the railroads, some legal theory to fit the occasion.

We maintain, as we have maintained all along, that the principle of the Potter Law (which is, of course, in no way abrogated by change or repeal of particular measures devised to give expression to it) is either confiscation, or, if another phrase be more agreeable, the change of railroads from pieces of private property, owned and managed for the benefit of those who have invested their money in them, into eleemosynary or charitable corporations, managed not for the profit of the owners, but for the benefit of a particular class of applicants for outdoor relief—the farmers; and, more than this, such farmers only as happen to live along the line. There is no reason, either, why this new principle should be applied only to railroads. If true of them, it is equally true of all corporations incorporated by private capital for ends of anything like a public character—such as newspapers, hotels, telegraph companies, and all factories for the manufacture of necessary articles, particularly those dedicated by law to public uses by protection against foreign competition. That this is the principle which the Grangers wish to have embedded in the structure of the law of the country, we deduce from several considerations: first, from the inevitable nature of the legal arguments used; second, from the inevitable analogy between the property attacked and those other kinds we have just enumerated; third, from the temper and general tone of the arguments by which the Grangers support their claim; and, fourth, by the

only example of what they demand and are satisfied with in the way of judicial support—the opinion of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin on the constitutionality of the Potter Law—an opinion vastly more important and dangerous than the law itself, since the law might be considered the effect of a mere gust of passion, while the opinion was put forth as a calm and dispassionate statement of legal duties and liabilities.

With regard to the use of the word “confiscation,” which many people seem to think so unnecessarily harsh and unjust, we must say that the common notion that people who make an attack on other people’s property begin their movement by crying “Go to, let us rob, and plunder, and destroy,” is incorrect. Almost all schemes of spoliation in modern times make a pretence to morality of some kind, as we may see now in the South, where property is taxed into the pockets of men like Casey, Kellogg, and Moses in order that “the negro may be protected,” or in the Paris Commune, where a great deal of the most valuable property was destroyed, and all private owners threatened with confiscation, and general anarchy introduced, in order to bring in an era of liberty, fraternity, and equality. So, too, the repudiation of the five-twenty bonds is demanded by large bodies of people on the ground that speculators have made too much money out of their issue, or because justice requires that we should abide by the “letter of the law.” Therefore, in saying that the decision of the Wisconsin Supreme Court is a decision in favor of confiscation, we do not mean that Chief-Justice Ryan and his associates are in the habit, when not holding court, of robbing on the highway, or even mean to encourage robbery, but to call the attention of investors and property-owners to the fact that the highest court of that State has solemnly decided, on the demand of the State Attorney-General, that the right to confiscate for the benefit of a class is part of the fundamental law of the country. A railroad charter, they say, is certainly a contract, but the State of Wisconsin has reserved the right to alter it at pleasure, and of the expediency and justice of the alteration they are sole judges. Railroads may, it is true, issue bonds guaranteed by all their property and vested rights, but the purchasers of these bonds take them at their peril, and subject to the right of the legislature to deprive them of all their value. To say that the legislature would be incapable of such folly is no answer; because, if we may judge by experience, there is no folly of which legislatures are incapable.

In saying that such legislation as the Potter law converts a private company into a charitable society for the benefit of a particular class, we are really understating the case. A charity is as a general thing supported by funds raised by taxation, and thus contributed by the whole community, or it is supported by private funds voluntarily given by the founder or the associates. But railroads, if their earnings are to be determined by the legislature, are made into involuntary charities. They become charities which are supported by forced contributions levied upon the owners of the stock and bonds. A railroad becomes a sort of God’s highway, on which everybody has a natural as well as constitutional right to travel and to transport goods, at the expense of the kind-hearted people who built it. This is charity with a vengeance. It is, indeed, exactly the way in which an invading army uses railroads in time of war.

Such being the legal foundation on which the movement rests, what is the temper in which it is advocated? Is their demand a calm and manly appeal to the public for the redress of proved grievances, or is it a petulant, noisy, and confused clamor for no one knows exactly what? We have before us a number of the *Journal of Social Science*, published six months ago, containing what purports to be a temperate statement of the farmer’s grievances by Mr. Willard C. Flagg, president of the Illinois State Farmers’ Association. We have looked through it in vain for any discussion of the cost of transportation—a question which of course is the hinge on which any reform must turn; but what we do find, on the first page, is a sort of historical parallel between the post-medieval peasantry of France and the agricultural capitalists of the grain-producing States of the Northwest:

“One sees,” says Mr. Flagg, quoting La Bruyère, “certain wild animals, both male and female, scattered about the country, livid, and roasted by the sun, bent over the soil, which they scratch and dig up with invincible persistence; and when they stand upright they display a human face, for in truth they are men and women. At night they retire to their dens, where they feed on black bread, water, and roots. They spare other people the trouble of digging and sowing and reaping; they deserve not to be deprived of the bread they have produced.” “So,” continues Mr. Flagg, “allowing for differences in civilization, it has been in all ages. The robber baron, the mediæval merchant, the despotic tax-gatherer, reappear in merchant princes, ‘protected’ manufacturers, ‘national’ bankers, and railway ‘magnates.’”

And this is what is considered a temperate and scientific way of approaching the subject. Turning to the proceedings of the Illinois State Farmers’ Association itself, held six months before this (a report which persons are reminded in the introductory remarks is an “educational document”), we find in turning over the first few pages, among other educational material, a resolution introduced for the reconstruction of the courts on “principles of common sense”—the only principle mentioned being that people ought to argue their own cases as far as possible without aid from lawyers or any resort to appeals; second, a resolution to the effect that property “should bring a reasonable per cent. of profit,” and that “the owner has the right to fix such reasonable per cent.”; third, a resolution that the existing doctrine of “vested rights” of railroads “belongs to a past age,” and “has no legitimate place in the jurisprudence of a free people”; besides any number of denunciations of specie payments, and among these a long paper by Mr. H. H. Day, of New York, in the course of which he refers to Mr. John Sherman, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, as one of a gang of “banditti,” and declares that “the first act signed by Ulysses S. Grant swept a thousand millions into the pocket of the specie-basis usurers, and added just so much to the shoulders of the toiling people, and laid the foundation for national decay.” In short, we find in these temperate sociological and educational tracts the same sort of violent and irrational language with which the public is more familiar in such reports as that of Mr. Osborn, the Wisconsin Commissioner, who talks of the owners and managers of railroad securities as “these buccaneers of the nineteenth century.”

We feel it to be our duty to warn all investors that they will be very foolish to trust any of their money to legislatures which pass such laws as the Potter Act, to judges who decide such laws constitutional, or to communities which produce such contributions to social science and popular education as those from which we have quoted, without the guarantee which an authoritative decision of the United States Supreme Court alone can give. We want to know, and to know finally when we buy one, what a railroad bond or share of stock actually is. Is it, as we are accustomed to consider, property, just as much as houses and furniture, or is it, as Chief-Justice Ryan assures us, a contract between two persons having a value to be determined at the pleasure of a third, to be increased or enhanced as the changing majority of an agricultural legislature happens to view with favor or dislike the railroad system of the country? It is one of the marks of a civilized, as distinguished from a barbarous state of society, that in the former what we call property is protected equally, whether it consists of lands and houses, or of mere evidences of value—paper credits, or bonded debt. If in the era of progress to which the farmers’ movement proposes to introduce us, we are going back to a condition of society in which the only sort of property which we can call our own is that which we can make our own by physical possession, it is certainly important to every one to know it, and the only body which can really tell us is the Supreme Court at Washington.

#### THE VIRGINIA SCHOOLS.

DR. RUFFNER, the Superintendent of Public Instruction in Virginia, has forwarded us the correspondence arising out of Miss Putnam’s charges against the administration of the school system in that State. It will be remembered that this lady asserted in a private letter (published in



the *Nation* of November 12), that at Heathsville, the county-seat of Northumberland County, although the number of colored and white children was the same, of five hundred dollars of the public money appropriated for educational purposes, only fifty dollars was allotted to the colored children; and that in the town of Wicomico Church, in the same county, "while hundreds of dollars," for which the colored people were taxed, were used to maintain the white schools, there was no colored school at all down to the date of her letter—July 26, 1874—or "the last account she had." It is impossible for us to print the letters, owing to want of space. We must content ourselves with a summary of their contents.

Dr. Ruffner, in the first place, sent General Lewis, the County Superintendent of Schools, the extract from Miss Putnam's letter published in the *Nation*, and directed him to give Miss Putnam notice, and to investigate the matter thoroughly, warning her that if dissatisfied with the result she might appeal to Dr. Ruffner himself. The hearing came off in due course, and General Lewis reported that Miss Putnam appeared, but had no proof to offer of the charge about the school funds in the Heathsville District, and referred to a Mr. Nash in Washington as her authority; that, as regarded the schools in Wicomico, she did not know whether there were any there then or not, but at the period to which she now specifically assigned her charge—the term of office of Mr. Cralle, General Lewis's predecessor—there were no schools, but two had been established two years ago, though under the school law the system was not expected to be in full operation before 1876; that at the hearing there was much recrimination between the school trustees and Miss Putnam about extraneous matters, showing that she and those gentlemen were not on good terms. There was then an adjournment of two weeks to enable Miss Putnam to produce proof if she could.

At the expiration of that period she again appeared, but declined to be put on oath, and all she was able to produce by way of proof was a letter from Mr. Nash in Washington, who referred her to a negro named Nickens, in whose house the teacher of the colored schools had lived, but who did not seem to be forthcoming. The school trustees of the Lottsburgh School District, and also those of the Wicomico District, were then sworn, and the affidavits of the former say that Miss Putnam refused to be put on oath and failed to bring forward any proof of her charges; those of the latter, that during the years 1870-71 the colored children of Wicomico had the benefit of the schools of the adjoining townships of Lancaster and Heathsville, and that schools were not established in Wicomico until 1872, because no house could be found for the purpose; but that since that year two colored schools had been "in vigorous operation."

Miss Putnam writes to Dr. Ruffner corroborating the above as to the evidence at her command, and asking for an inspection of the county treasury-books, to see what came of the school money; rejoicing to hear that there are now two colored schools in Wicomico County, and deploring the fact that there were none sooner; and charging the school trustees with "using their influence, position, and money apparently with the main purpose of destroying" her school, and also charging a negro preacher named Pyramus Nutt—whom she styles a "treacherous minister"—with having seized the school-house erected for colored children by the Freedmen's Bureau, and, by force of arms, with the aid of his deacons and church-members, converted it into a Baptist church, in defiance of the protests of a good negro named Nelson Digges. In fact, her letter is mainly filled with wholly irrelevant matter, and shows simply that she and the town school trustees and some of the colored people in the neighborhood do not get on very well together. The correspondence closes with a letter from Dr. Ruffner, pointing out to Miss Putnam that her charges were based on imperfect information, both as to law and facts. The capitation tax of one dollar, which is all that the negroes, with very few exceptions, pay, goes into the State treasury along with the proceeds of all other taxation; and of this the amount distributed among the counties is about \$450,000, of which about \$102,000 is from the capitation tax on white and black—the blacks paying about \$60,000 in the whole State. Add the local school taxes to the State taxes, and there is a total of about \$1,000,000 devoted to educational purposes, of which the blacks pay only one-sixteenth; and yet they already receive one-third of the benefits, as there are 52,086 colored children enrolled in the schools, against 121,739 white. The colored population of the State in 1870 was two-fifths of the white; it is now less. In fact, as well as we can judge, the school system of Virginia seems to be coming into operation fairly and impartially, as rapidly as we can expect, and even more rapidly than the law requires. We may add that we think that a little of the old American presumption, on the part of the North, that people mean well, would do much to help the matter on.

#### PROFESSOR KELLER ON THE PROBABLE SITE OF TROY.

NOT long ago, in speaking of Horace, we had occasion to mention Professor Keller of Freiburg and his services in Horatian criticism. Last spring Professor Keller visited Greece, Italy, and Asia Minor. The object of his journey was purely *cognoscendae antiquitatis*—to look over the classical ground in general for himself, and particularly to satisfy himself about Troy. A part of what he saw he has written to an American correspondent, who kindly allows us, with Professor Keller's sanction, to make some extracts from his letter for the *Nation*.

Fresh complications in the Homeric and Trojan questions have arisen from Schliemann's discoveries. Perhaps the smoke and dust of another ten years' war must drift away before we can make out all the points clearly, and say with the confident precision of the old campaigner:

"Hæc ibat Simois, hæc est Sigæa tellus,  
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis:  
Illic Aæcidea, illic tendebat Ulixes:  
Hic alacer missos terruit Hector equos."

Meanwhile, we are very glad to present the views of so distinguished a scholar as Professor Keller on two important points: the archaeological value of Schliemann's collection, and the probable site of Troy; particularly as so much has been said and written on the other side.

Of the collection Professor Keller writes thus:

"At Athens I was most cordially received by Schliemann, and had every opportunity to study up his treasures at my leisure. I was struck at once with two things: first with the marked contrast between Schliemann's collection and the familiar creations of Hellenic art, and secondly with its strong resemblance to the objects found in the oldest sepulchral mounds, caves, and pile buildings of Europe and Asia. I could not resist the conviction that Schliemann had struck a remarkable vein of prehellenic or nonhellenic civilization. Then, again, his 'Treasure of Priam,' with its golden vessels and ornaments, was not in keeping with that development of art which we find in the Homeric shield of Achilles, but harmonized admirably with that prehellenic civilization which might naturally be looked for among the vanquished Trojans. The owl-faced vases bear a close resemblance to the vases found in such quantities in those parts of Europe that were formerly Slavic—notably in Silesia and Pomerellen. The golden ornaments are suggestive in their richness of the neighboring Lydia and the golden Pactolus; in their form, of the golden pendants worn by the priests of Asia Minor. The idols are like those of Cyprus and the other islands along the coast of Asia Minor. And, last of all, the written characters on some of the shards bear the closest resemblance to the 'Cyprian character'—a character probably used in other islands besides Cyprus, and even in Asia Minor, before the introduction of the Phœnician alphabet. In short, everything points back to a time of hoary old, to a primitive, genuine old Asiatic civilization. In sharp contrast with this is the upper and later layer of the Greek type, of which I will say nothing now."

So much for Athens and what Professor Keller saw in Schliemann's own house. Some weeks later, after tarrying at Magnesia, Sardis, Ephesus, and Tralles in Phrygia, Professor Keller found himself on the Plain of Troy. Of this he writes:

"Here I was firmly convinced that Schliemann had dug in the right spot, and not, as most modern scholars maintain, in the wrong spot; and my conviction has been confirmed in the fullest degree on a renewed and careful examination of all the passages in the ancients bearing on the subject. Schliemann's excavations were made, as everybody knows, at Hissarlik. His opponents maintain that Troy lay some hours' journey farther to the south, more inland, in the upper valley of the Scamander, on and by the side of a mountain called Balidagh, near the village of Bunarbashi. This view, which puts Troy in all modern maps at Bunarbashi, is *entirely untenable*. Both Schliemann and Hahn, the Austrian consul, have dug repeatedly, and for weeks at a time, about Bunarbashi, but without finding anything to confirm the hypothesis. Hahn was so firmly wedded to his Bunarbashi-Troy theory that he finally denied the existence of Troy altogether; and about all that he succeeded in grubbing up at Bunarbashi was one (1) insignificant terra-cotta figure, four (4) pieces of earthen pipe, and one (1) earthen watercock. What a contrast to the thousands of interesting prehellenic antiquities from Hissarlik! And to dig deeper at Bunarbashi would be of no avail, for the natural, virgin soil is reached everywhere at the depth of a foot or two. The crags back of Bunarbashi were occupied only by a transient, *very unimportant settlement*. But Hissarlik, with her layer of deposit and ashes fifty feet deep, with her colossal wealth of venerable antiquities—Hissarlik is none other than the capital of

Priam's kingdom, none other than the seat of Ilium, the rich, the puissant, the proud.

Furthermore, the united tradition of antiquity is decidedly in favor of Hissarlik, decidedly against Bunarbashi. The Homeric poems of which the *Iliad* is made up are notoriously of various origin. Only one of the twenty-four books, and that a book essentially different from the others, shows a personal familiarity of the author with the Trojan land. This book—the twentieth—says distinctly that sacred Ilios lay not on the spurs of many-fountained Ida, but in the plain. Then, again, the mythographer Apollodorus says that Ilios stood on a hill. This designation also applies admirably to Hissarlik, but not to Bunarbashi. It was at Hissarlik that Xerxes sacrificed, at Hissarlik the Spartan general Mindarus watched the sea-fight in the Hellespont, and so on. Only three scholars in all antiquity doubted the identity of Hissarlik and Troy; they maintained that Troy lay not at Hissarlik, but at the 'Village of the Ilians'—*Ἰλίων κώμη*—probably from sheer envy of the prosperous Hissarlik-Troy, the pet of Alexander and the Romans. Excavations have been made at the 'Village of the Ilians' also, but utterly without success. And then the village lies entirely in a plain, and there is no spot where an acropolis could possibly have stood.

"In view of all these facts you may very naturally ask, 'How did Bunarbashi ever come to be pitched on in modern times as the site of Troy?' The answer is very simple:

"First. The French traveller, Lechevalier, fancied he had found at Bunarbashi the peculiar springs described in the twenty-third book of the *Iliad*. But the description does not tally very well with the springs found by Lechevalier, and is equally applicable to many other springs in the Troad; and besides, the race described in the twenty-third book would be impossible at Bunarbashi, where a chasm of some four hundred and ninety odd feet in depth would have to be clambered over—a hard road to travel.

"Secondly. It was thought that inferences might be drawn from ancient Greek cities with regard to Troy, not a Greek city; and inasmuch as the far-famed acropolis of Mycenæ was behind a plain, on a high eminence, it was thought that Troy, too, must have had her acropolis in the rear of the plain of Troy, perched on lofty crags. In answer to this we may say, (1) That it is contrary to the traditions of antiquity. (2) That a mass of fragments of antique pottery is to be found at Mycenæ, and none at Bunarbashi.

"The conclusion of the whole matter is this: we have in Schliemann's collection unmistakable relics of Troy, of immense age, and the spot on which he has made his excavations is not simply New Ilium, but the Ilium of all times."

#### ENGLAND—THE NEW PARTY LEADERS.

LONDON, January 1, 1875.

FOR the first time for several years we have had old-fashioned Christmas weather. I have just parted with friends who have travelled from the north of Scotland, and they tell me that the whole country, from their home in the far North to London, is covered with one uniform white coating of snow, and that the salt as well as the fresh-water lochs in the Highlands are frozen over—an unwonted phenomenon in this country. Here we have had ice in the parks, and a good deal of what would anywhere else be snow. But nothing white has any chance in this "infectious congregation of vapors." Before the snow-flakes reach the ground, contact with the "blacks" for which London is proverbial reduces them to a sort of Oxford grey, as if they were in half-mourning, and when they have rested but a few minutes on the streets they are transformed into a sooty slush, hideous to such senses as are affected by it. And this unexpected weather seems to have frozen up all intellectual and political as well as most physical life. In literature not much of interest has appeared this autumn except the 'Greville Memoirs,' and people are beginning to regard them as vapid and of little worth. January, however, is usually a stirring time for publishers, and something may appear this month. In politics, we are contentedly at rest. There is not a Parliamentary election nor even a petition going on to break our quiet. But there is some speculation at the clubs and Government offices and in society about the political programme of the future. Parliament has been summoned to meet for despatch of business on Friday, the 5th of February. The Prime Minister is in failing health, and the leader of the Opposition, Mr. Gladstone, is so erratic in his conduct at present that there is some risk of the session commencing without any leader in the House of Commons either on the Ministerial or the Opposition benches. People are asking freely who will lead the Conservatives in Mr. Disraeli's absence, and they find it difficult to get an answer.

There are only three possible leaders: Mr. Cross, the Home Secretary;

Mr. Gathorne Hardy, the Secretary for War; and Sir Stafford Northcote, the Chancellor of Exchequer. The first of these may be dismissed in a word. Mr. Cross comes from the same county as Lord Derby, and is regarded as a protégé of his. But he is new to office, and never held Cabinet rank before last year. He did not especially distinguish himself during the past session in the discharge of his duties either in the House or in his department; indeed, he rather made a mess of it. Mr. Gathorne Hardy is a ready "rough-and-tumble" sort of orator, with a clear voice and an aptitude for saying hard, uncomfortable things at his opponents. Last year, for instance, when some inoffensive politician, zealous for his country's good, asked a harmless question about some regimental band, Mr. Hardy, being War Minister, recommended him "to blow his own trumpet, which he was so well qualified to do." For the moment it "brought the gallery down," and the inoffensive politician collapsed. But the House of Commons does not like that sort of thing from a Minister of the Crown. The pervading atmosphere is superior to it. The majority of the members are men accustomed to the tone and spirit of well-bred society, and a coarse snub, such as this of Mr. Hardy's, administered unnecessarily, the House resents and remembers. It does not object to see a troublesome man rebuked by a responsible minister. It rather enjoys it if well done. But it must be done not coarsely but with finish—such finish as Mr. Disraeli, for instance, has always at command. But even if the House could get over Mr. Hardy's want of finish—and the Conservatives would condone a great deal in an emergency—he would find difficulty in securing a trusty following, owing to his ecclesiastical leanings. He alienated the moderate Protestant party last session by his action on the Public Worship Regulation Act. He did not disguise his Ritualistic proclivities, but on more than one occasion voted with the professed supporters of the Ritualistic movement against Mr. Disraeli and other members of the Cabinet. In the present Puritanic or anti-Romish temper of the House and of the country, these votes would be almost sufficient to prevent Mr. Hardy from taking the place of leader if, owing to Mr. Disraeli's absence, the post should be unfortunately vacant. The ministerial party, therefore, would be left in the house to the guidance of Sir Stafford Northcote. You are probably nearly as well qualified to take the measure of his capacity as we are on this side of the Atlantic. As one of the Joint High Commission of 1871, he is not unknown to you. Here he is considered a man of fair capacity and creditable assiduity. He was trained by Mr. Gladstone, and has learned from him some rudimentary lessons in finance. He has the gift of a conciliatory temper, and he is a tolerable matter-of-fact speaker, with a pleasing if not a convincing manner, and his opinions are exactly of that hybrid type between Liberalism and Conservatism which is now prevalent in England. He could never steer the ship in troublous times, but in calm weather, with a disciplined and compact crew, anxious to keep the Tory vessel in, and an undisciplined and divided Opposition not particularly anxious to turn it out, he will do the work quite well. Much would necessarily depend upon the Prime Minister. If Mr. Disraeli remained in office, and was well enough to take part in the great debates from time to time with anything of his old astuteness, Sir Stafford Northcote might represent him in the daily formal work. But if the more unfavorable accounts of Mr. Disraeli's health are true, Sir Stafford Northcote's duties and opportunities for good and evil would be grave. The future Prime Minister would be a member of the House of Lords—the Duke of Richmond in all probability, because rumor (and she is not always false) has it that Lord Derby will not serve under Lord Salisbury, and Lord Salisbury will not be ruled by Lord Derby. The leader, therefore, in the Lower House will hold a most important and most difficult place in British politics. Will Sir Stafford Northcote prove strong enough for the place? That is a question time alone can solve.

But let us turn to the Opposition. Who is to guide the policy of that fortuitous concourse of atoms? Mr. Gladstone, even after all the vagaries of the last twelve months, might still be able to mould them into something like consistency if he could be persuaded to resume his place. He is the only man of genius among them, and, as one of them said the other day, "he is a head and shoulders taller than any man in the House." But that marvellous phenomenon called his "mind" is so absorbed by theological niceties, and his imagination is so impressed by the bugbear of a hostile Irish vote which he has conjured into existence and the importance of which he greatly exaggerates, that it is said to be more than doubtful if he will consent to call his followers together at the commencement of the session. Failing him, to what shepherd can the herds of scattered sheep give ear? Mr. Forster and Mr. Childers have been with you, and we have heard only the echoes of their utterances. Mr. Goschen has made two speeches in the recess, and he would not have damaged his position if he had left them unmade. Mr. Lowe has been discreetly silent. Lord Hartington has uttered



only half-a-dozen platitudes about the advantages of art, though his brother, Lord Frederick Cavendish, has professed himself prepared to consider favorably the question of disestablishment of the Church of England. Poor Mr. Stansfeld has ruined any chance of influence he ever might have had by plunging headlong into a sentimental quagmire of unpleasing questions, which excite a minute section of advanced female politicians and disgust all reasonable men. None but the tainted wethers of the flock will hearken now to him. Mr. Fawcett, indeed, has made a valuable speech to his constituents which advances him a step or two in the political ladder. But his physical infirmity unfits him for leadership—though blindness should be no bar to a place in the Cabinet, and it may be that his courageous independence, single-mindedness, and strong judgment may yet add influence to a Liberal Cabinet—and Mr. Fawcett prefers the place of an enlightened critic to that of an aspiring leader.

I have omitted, as you will observe, to allude to the pretensions of Sir William Harcourt, and the reason is that I am unable (and I cannot find any one to enlighten me) to say which party it may be that his ambition leads him to direct. He has just made a speech of no inconsiderable ability; but who can read the riddle that he there propounds? Does he wish to oust Mr. Gladstone by disparagement, or to succeed Mr. Disraeli by blandishment? English politicians and writers in English newspapers are turning over this curious question in their minds during their wintry Christmas holidays, and it will take a good deal of turning before they find an answer. Sir William Harcourt has long been in quest of Parliamentary distinction. Full twelve years ago he made abortive efforts to secure a seat—on which side of the House I do not recollect. He succeeded as a Liberal in 1868 at Oxford—the constituency which he now represents—and both he and his friends were sanguine of his early success. But at first it grew but slowly, and it was not until the Gladstone Government were in the shade that the member for Oxford began to shine. At this time he sat below the gangway, among the more revolutionary of the young republicans whom the wave of ardent Liberalism carried into the House of Commons at the general election of 1868, and he early proclaimed himself a champion of trades-unionists, farmers, commons-preservers, licensed victuallers, and other oppressed interests. He elicited a compliment from Mr. Disraeli by his eloquent defence of the Irish Education Bill, which shipwrecked Mr. Gladstone's Government, and shortly after was offered by Mr. Gladstone, and accepted, the office of Solicitor-General; and in that capacity, having more leisure than many law officers of the Crown, it is generally admitted that he performed his duties well. But the dissolution came, and Sir W. Harcourt was no longer Solicitor-General. In opposition, men have opportunities of distinguishing themselves which they cannot have in office, and Sir W. Harcourt has used his opportunities to strange advantage. He has spent his time in discrediting the fallen Prime Minister who brought him into office, and in doing homage to the risen Prime Minister who turned him out of office. And by these performances he has made himself one of the most considerable personages in the House of Commons, and a man of no small prominence in the country. He has a commanding presence; he is multifariously if not too deeply learned. He speaks fluently what he himself and his admirers would call speeches; but those who know the thing would call them well-written leading articles. But be they which you will, he interests his audience and the country in them, and he makes them understood. He has good discernment, and makes up his mind in early days which way he thinks the cat will jump, and prepares himself to take advantage of her agility. If he has discerned wisely, and the animal has jumped accordingly, his early decision gives him a start of competitors less prompt to act; and if he was at fault, he has sufficient ingenuity to follow along the other route before she has quite got out of sight. In the old days, when we were disestablishing churches with applause, and settling knotty points of evil precedent in land tenure, Sir W. Harcourt sat among the light-hearted Radicals. It was a radical cat in those days. In 1872 it was a dissipated cat, that would not let them rob the poor man of his beer nor make the country moral by act of Parliament, and then Sir William Harcourt was as rollicking as a licensed victualler. Last session we were putting down the Ritualists, and Sir W. Harcourt was the austere among austere Protestants. Just at present the cat is jumping pleasantly on a level plain of Liberal-Conservatism, and Sir W. Harcourt is a Whig. He has cut himself adrift from his old shipmates with whom he sat below the gangway, and shows his superiority over them by jeering at the advanced opinions of their friends. It is a dangerous game to play—this game of running with the hare and hunting with the hounds. The old Whigs look askance at their new ally, and ask each other if their performances are quite consistent with their old traditions. The young lions of the *Examiner* and the *Beehive* have thrown him over. They thought

they had found an Ishmael who would go out into the wilderness of Opposition and be ready to raise his hand against all privileges and all vested interests. But what is the animal they have cherished in their bosom? Certainly not an Ishmael—not even a hairy Esau. Only a Whig Jacob, looking for a birthright, and wearing Esau's cast-off clothes until they became too large for him and he thought it wise (to quote his own words) "to take in top-bamper." The Tories do not know how to act. They see in Sir W. Harcourt the sort of politician of which their Prime Minister was the prototype, and many of them think that he is just the man for them, and that Mr. Disraeli's strength is waning. But they cannot yet make up their minds to beckon him over to their side. The outside world look on with interest and amusement at the divergence, and wonder how it will end. On the whole, they feel inclined to put their money on the skilful player—to the extent, at least, of backing him not to draw a blank.

#### PARIS—HER CHURCHES AND RELIGIONS.

PARIS, January 1, 1875.

PARIS has been at all times the subject of a special literature. Many volumes have been written on the great capital, but, as it is continually in the process of transformation, the subject is never quite exhausted. At the time of the last great Exhibition held in Paris, Victor Hugo did not disdain to write a long preface for a book which was a mere guide. This preface is quite worth reading, though the great poet heaps Pelion upon Ossa, and represents Paris as a sort of living goddess of the Revolution. M. Maxime Ducamp, who was also once what we call a Romanticist, much given to metaphors and images, has during late years quite changed his manner—he has become a dry statistician, and has chosen Paris for his subject. He has published a work called 'Paris: Its Functions and Organs,' the very title of which has something rather repulsive, but which contains a curious mass of information: "rudis indigestaque moles." There is no literary merit in this great work, but the author has really felt much interest in his subject, and he has collected facts which are of great intrinsic importance. He has disclaimed nothing; he has counted the *chiffonniers* (rag-pickers), who go about in the night, lantern in hand, looking for something to pick up in the heaps thrown before the doors; he has entered the shops where false hair is prepared for the consumption of the whole world; he knows how many violet bouquets are sold in Paris in one year. He spends his time in the streets, looking at the strange sights of the great town, and nothing escapes his powers of vision. He has seen, as I have, the strange advertisement of a shop which announced a forced sale. There was a rival shop opposite, and both had failed. One put out a great placard, on which was read: "Our failure has been a sincere failure; the failure of our neighbor has been only simulated." I contented myself with contrasting this new pride in a *sincere* failure with the horror our ancestors felt for the *bonnet vert* (the green cap worn by merchants who could not pay their creditors). M. Ducamp goes further, and enquires into all the mysteries of the tribunal of commerce, of the *monts-de-piété* (pawnbrokers' shops, which in Paris are under the direct control of the administration).

M. Ducamp is a great admirer of the modern improvements of M. Haussmann, the Prefect of the Empire. He speaks with contempt of old Paris, of its narrow and dirty streets. I confess that I regret many parts of the city which have been destroyed. You cannot turn poverty out of a city of two millions of inhabitants. You can only hunt it, force it from one quarter to another quarter. Paris before the Empire seemed very beautiful to me. Some of the new boulevards are very useful; others are long, deserted avenues, open to all the winds, without any shade in summer. A city ought to be like a plant, not be too much forced. The debt of the city of Paris was on the 1st of January, 1854, only about 94,000,000 francs; on the 1st January, 1874, it had swollen to 1,794,000,000 francs. The new taxes fall very heavily on the poor, many of whom are now very far from their work, and obliged to find a refuge outside of the fortifications. The story of the expropriation of the old houses which were destroyed to leave place for new ones is full of scandals. A jury fixed the amount of the indemnities which had to be paid to the proprietors and to the lodgers; and a company was formed which undertook to defend the expropriated parties before the jury. The company procured lawyers, fabricated false leases, and extorted as much money as possible from the jury. It reaped a part of its expenses by levying ten per cent. on the indemnities. The corruption of that time cost Paris, as M. Ducamp estimates, at least 200,000,000 of francs. Many of the works begun before the war are now abandoned: "pendent opera interrupta." The whole energy of the city has been spent lately on the new Opera, which will be positively inaugurated next Tuesday. It is a monument of folly, and marks an era of decadence; it has cost already

50,000,000 francs, and will be intolerably expensive. It is calculated that the lighting of it alone, if it is efficient, will cost 1,200 francs every evening.

Most of the poetry of an old town is in its churches. Paris cannot be imagined without Notre Dame. The history of the Paris churches is the history of the capital. There are at present in it 1,700,000 Catholics. The Protestants are few in number, and consist of 20,000 Calvinists, 12,000 Lutherans, and 9,000 Protestants belonging to various sects. The little Calvinistic community is just now threatened with a division; there is an orthodox party and a liberal party, and they will perhaps soon cease to meet in the same temples. During the French Revolution, as in the short triumph of the Commune, all the churches and temples had been converted into clubs. Bonaparte, as First Consul, opened the churches again for the priests, and many of the Jacobins and regicides were angry with him. Napoleon was no believer himself; but he had been horrified at the number of people who, in the absence of any religious establishments, had begun to believe in sorcery; he wished, besides, to make an ally of the Pope, and to organize his power with the help of the clergy. When the Revolution broke out, Paris had 60 parish churches, 20 collegiate churches, 80 chapels, 3 abbeys of men, 8 abbeys of nuns, 53 convents for men, and 146 convents for women. Most of the churches are still in use. The beautiful tower of Saint-Jacques la Boucherie remains, however, alone in the Rue Rivoli, as the nave has been demolished. The Val-de-Grâce has become a military hospital. Mercier, in his 'Tableau de Paris,' writes: "People dance now at the Filles de Sainte-Marie; they dance at the Carmes, where the massacres of September took place; they dance at the Carmelites in the Marais; they dance at Saint-Sulpice." Notre Dame itself became for a time the church where Laréveillère-Lépeaux officiated as the chief of the neophilanthropists. It is impossible to destroy the religious feeling in a community; dogmas cannot be attacked by laws. After so many years of Voltairianism, would you have a notion of the status of the Catholic Church in Paris at this day? The archdeanery of Notre Dame, one of the two religious districts of the capital, contains 49 churches; the archdeanery of Sainte-Geneviève, which covers the left side of the river, has 20 churches. There are, therefore, in all, 69 churches. The law has placed every possible hindrance in the way of the religious corporations: the system of trusts and of entails is strictly forbidden; all property is personal, and, so to speak, completely free. Still, the law can be evaded; and there are now in Paris 101 religious corporations—25 for men, 76 for women; they occupy 227 convents in the capital.

There is among the lower classes of the population a deep-seated hatred of the clergy, which was well shown during the Commune. This is all the more surprising inasmuch as the old abuses of the Catholic Church which shocked our ancestors before the Revolution of 1789 have all disappeared. A more respectable, moral, philanthropic body of men than the present priests of Paris could probably not be shown anywhere. Still, the first hostages chosen by the Commune were the Archbishop, the curate of the Madeleine, the Dominicans of Arcueil. There was in all the acts of the Commune a violent anti-religious character. M. Ducamp informs us that, in the year 1872, out of 45,780 funerals, there were as many as 5,341 *civil* funerals, in which no priest took any part. He calls this proportion a small one; to me it appears extraordinary. In the same year, out of 56,694 children born, there were only 48,763 children baptized. These numbers show conclusively that in Belleville, Montmartre, and those quarters, there is an infidel and pagan population, which hates all religions, the Protestant as well as the Catholic. There is no doubt that this population lives in the belief that the churches are merely the instruments of political oppression, the accomplices of the police and of the gendarmes. At the time of the Ligue, the religious feeling dominated the political passion; the hatred of the Huguenots which inspired the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, turned the Parisians against Henri IV., and made them the allies of the Spaniards. Now, it is just the reverse—the political passion is predominant. In the year 1891, the mob attacked and sacked the Archbishopric, because M. de Quélen was not a liberal; the Seine carried for a whole day precious books, manuscripts, and holy vestments.

It would be unjust to accuse the whole working population of sharing the sentiments which found vent during the Commune. You are sure to meet all the extremes in any great agglomeration of men. Robespierre well understood the people when he admitted the necessity of religious ceremonies. His fête of the Supreme Being was a disgusting farce; but Robespierre felt the power of ideas and of symbols. The Parisians had too much *esprit* to be satisfied with the sight of the priests of the Convention—they knew where the Goddess of Reason came from, and where she would return after the ceremony. The sentimentality of Rousseau became an object of ridicule when the four ages of mankind were represented by Parisian gamins, by drunken old men with fantastic beards, by nurses and hired babies.

This theatrical religion was soon despised; even during the worst days of the Terror, when denunciation was constant, the poor Catholic priests who secretly administered the sacraments were very seldom denounced. The old consecrated days of Pentecost, Easter, etc., were still considered as holidays. I have often noticed in the popular theatres that the religious sentiment, when it is expressed on the stage, does not offend the audience. During the siege of Paris, the statue of Strasbourg on the Place de la Concorde was not the only shrine of the Parisian population; the Virgin of Nanterre was constantly decorated with tricolor ribbons, and in the end was quite overwhelmed by them. The Abbé Bossuet, who belongs to the same family as the famous Archbishop of Meaux, and who is now the curate of Saint Louis in the Island of the Seine, one of the poorest quarters of Paris, told me that he remained in Paris, during the Commune, in his presbytery, and none of his parishioners denounced him to the Commune. The work of the missionaries is difficult in the infidel quarters, as their only chance there is a great gift of eloquence. The Parisian workingman, accustomed to the theatres, quite permeated with a certain sort of light and ironical *esprit* which pervades the press, the workshops, the cafés, cannot be easily moved. You must either flatter his most wicked passions, as do the orators of the clubs, or astonish him. Very few preachers can do this. The most popular at the present moment is a young officer, who has the missionary passion, and who never speaks to any but popular audiences. The people admire his dash, his sincerity; they respect his uniform; and he is said to have done wonders in some of the worst quarters of the capital. But there are very few men like M. de Mun who have an apostle's soul under the helmet of a dragoon.

Paris is an inexhaustible subject. I have only touched to-day on its religious character. It may be made the object of many studies of this kind; the materials are almost too numerous, and one feels lost in the midst of them, as a foreigner gets lost in the intricacies of the streets of an old quarter. D'Aubigné calls Paris "cette spélunne de bêtes farouches" (this cavern of wild beasts). Michelet and Victor Hugo proclaim her the Holy City, the Jerusalem of the new Gospel of Humanity.

## Correspondence.

### THE INTERCOLLEGIATE CONTEST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I think you deserve the thanks of all friends of sound scholarship and the "higher" education for your remarks in the last *Nation* on the recent "intercollegiate contest" in New York. Great respect is of course due and paid to the eminent men who lent their presence on that occasion, and it may be admitted that Col. Higginson's estimate of the productions of the essayists and speakers is correct. All this, however, does not touch the real questions which should first be considered—how will such contests affect the proper work of our college students, and what is the more general effect of such public exhibitions on the actors and the community of college students? The right answer to these questions does not seem to me doubtful, or to depend at all upon the credit with which the actors may acquit themselves. It is clear to my mind that our college students have greatly advanced in their capacity for work, or the requirements of our respectable colleges have been greatly lowered within the last few years, if such contests will not directly and necessarily result in a very harmful interference with the proper work of college students. By proper work I mean simply due attention to the prescribed duties of the college course. I would lay down the rule, and if it were not for the adage about exceptions proving the rule, I would say this rule has no exception, that a college student's first duty and interest is to do the work of the recitation and lecture-room thoroughly. I should say further from my own observation that this work will completely fill up the time of ninety-nine out of every hundred students, so that this "side-show," to speak a little irreverently, could properly be kept up by only a very insignificant numerical fraction of students. I am also very certain that this fraction will not embrace those who will figure in any "intercollegiate" contests. No matter, then, how brilliant the display or how keen the rivalry attending such contests, their inevitable influence is antagonistic to the best interests of our students. The conservative influences of real knowledge and thorough discipline are supplanted by those influences which must attend an effort at the public exhibition of immature powers and superficial or imperfect knowledge.

But if there were time and place in a faithful student's college course



for any outside literary or oratorical contests, I think this kind of public contest is specially objectionable. Does a public contest before such an audience as was recently assembled in New York furnish the true sort of incentive to students in the midst of college life? Do they need such incentives? I can hardly think of any influences less likely to promote good scholarship or habits of patient study and reflection. The applause of a general audience is not what a college student needs. He needs the habits of study and the power of acquisition; and if I were to suggest any change in the ordinary college course, it would be in the direction of more plain, silent study and less writing and speaking, especially before general audiences. There is a time for all things, I suppose, but the time for such public contests is not while students should be fully occupied with labors which, if properly conducted, will in the end best fit them to deserve and win the attention of the public.

The absence of Harvard and Yale from the recent contest appears significant, and is the result, I am glad to believe, of a just reaction against the practice of judging a college student by what he can say rather than by what he knows—by what he appears to be rather than by what he is.—Yours truly,

D. H. CHAMBERLAIN.

COLUMBIA, S. C., January 18, 1875.

## Notes.

F. B. PATTERSON, 32 Cedar Street, has reprinted in a neat pamphlet the late James W. Gerard's paper on the "Old Streets of New York," read last year before the Historical Society. He also purposes publishing, in the course of the present year, a 'Pictorial, or Panoramic, History of Old New York,' consisting of fac-similes of early maps, views of buildings, etc., etc., without text.—Bigelow's 'Life of Franklin,' which has heretofore been sold by subscription only, is now, we are glad to say, obtainable of the publishers, J. B. Lippincott & Co., and of the trade generally.—Ginn Bros., Boston, publish immediately a text-book of Ovid, edited by Messrs. Allen and Greenough, and uniform with their Virgil.—'A Concordance to the Iliad of Homer,' by Mr. Guy Lushington Prendergast, who was, according to the *Athenæum*, engaged upon the compilation of it from 1847 to 1863, has just been completely printed, in two parts.—The vexed Eastern Question, which is now in the midst of one of its periodical crises, has been elaborately and ably treated in a new work, entitled 'L'Empire Ottoman au point de vue politique vers le milieu de la seconde moitié du XIXe siècle.' The author, Mr. Edward Serosoppi, was born in the East, of Italian parentage, and has made a life-long study of the antiquities, history, and political condition of Turkey. His work is in three parts, occupying as many volumes.—The first part of the second volume of Mommsen's 'Römische Staatsrecht' contains the detailed treatment of the several magistracies, beginning with the office of King and ending with the extraordinary magistracies (Decemvirate, etc.) of the Republic. The second part is announced as in the press, and to appear at Easter. Nothing is said as to its scope, but it seems likely that it will treat of the magistrates of the Empire. The third volume will take up the assemblies, etc. The key to the theories of the present volume is found in the expression (p. 694) that "the Roman monarchy was never abolished either in form or substance, but only changed its name, being restricted especially by obligatory *Provocatio*, collegiality with equal powers, and year's tenure of office."—We have received the first number (for February) of the *National*, a new monthly illustrated magazine published at Washington, and designed, we believe, to confirm the pretensions of that city to be regarded as one of the literary centres of the country. For our part, we see no reason why it may not in time become one. How far the *National* is going to furnish evidence of its capacity to shine in literature remains to be seen, as the present number is confessedly imperfect and unsatisfactory to the new proprietors. The "Science Notes" are under the charge of Dr. Theodore Gill, but no other name among the collaborators has anything like the weight of his.—Mr. F. W. Putnam, of the Peabody Academy of Science, Salem, has been appointed Curator of the Museum of Archaeology at Cambridge, as the late Jeffries Wyman's successor. No one more competent could have been selected for this position.—A venerable and much respected American poet died in Boston on Thursday last—Charles Sprague, born, near the spot where he died, in 1791. The successes which gave him a reputation date back nearly or quite half a century, and his literary productiveness ended many years ago. He was for forty years cashier of the Globe Bank in his native city, which he seldom left. It is stated indeed, that he never entered a steam-car but once.

—In the "Monthly Gossip" of the February *Lippincott's* occurs an announcement of no little literary interest. It is there positively and circumstantially stated that the English translator of Omar Khayyám's 'Rubáiyát' is Mr. Edward Fitz Gerald, of Woodbridge in Suffolk, a gentleman whose pedigree all the world may consult in Burke's 'Landed Gentry,' himself (born in 1809) a graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, "where among his contemporaries and friends were the present poet-laureate and Mr. Spedding." His published works are thus enumerated: (1) 'Euphranor, a Dialogue on Youth,' 1851 and (second ed., with an appendix) 1855; (2) *Polonius: A Collection of Wise Sayings and Modern Instances*, 1852; (3) *Six Dramas of Calderon*, 1853—the last being both in prose and verse, and comprising "The Painter of his Own Dishonor," "Keep Your Own Secret," "Gil Perez the Gallician," "Three Judgments at a Blow," "The Mayor of Zalamea," and "Beware of Smooth Water." To the dramas Mr. Fitz Gerald first allowed his name to be appended as translator. He has also printed privately two small volumes of translations—the 'Agamemnon' of Æschylus, and two plays from Calderon again: "Life is a Dream," and "The Wonderful Magician." His metrical Persian translations include besides the 'Rubáiyát' the "Bird-Parliament," from Attár's "Mantiq-ut-tair" (unprinted), and "Salámán and Absál." Mr. Fitz Gerald's name, it is pointed out, has been overlooked by Allibone, which is hardly surprising, considering the late date at which he revealed his authorship; but Pennsylvanians may see additional cause to regret the omission in the fact that he married Lucy, daughter of Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet. "Everything that he has produced," says the gossip, "is uniformly distinguished by marked ability; and, such being the case, his indifference to fame, in this age of ambition for literary celebrity, is a phenomenon which deserves to be emphasized."

—Recovery of the Murillo stolen from the Cathedral of Seville has been effected in this city with some rather dramatic accompaniments. On the 7th instant the Spanish consul was informed by Mr. William Schaus, the expert and art importer, that a canvas corresponding with the missing part of the altar-piece had been offered to him by some Spanish strangers. Señor de Uriarte saw the picture and compared it with the photograph of the original furnished to all Spanish consuls, which it proved to match precisely. The photograph in question shows the entire subject of St. Anthony of Padua beholding the vision of the Holy Child Jesus, the exact outline of the cutting being represented by a white trace. The cut portion, less than a fourth part of the canvas, contains the kneeling form of the Saint, as represented in the lower right-hand corner of the composition. The stolen figure had not been cut into strips as reported, except that one corner of the cloth, where the purloiner's knife had made an awkward slant at the most distant part of its orbit, was mended out by the addition of a supplementary triangle. The fragment, forming a rough oval about seven feet high, had been tacked to a new square American-made stretcher, and had previously been very badly handled, the eye and nose, as seen in the profile, having almost entirely peeled off; the cloth had obviously been packed for concealment, like a smuggled shawl or tapestry, without much care for its profitable preservation. The person holding it, apparently a catspaw, offered it to the dealer at almost any price, and when pressed to name a figure suggested only \$250 or \$300; for the former sum it was secured by Mr. Schaus, who passed it to the consul within twenty-four hours for the mere reimbursement of his outlay, though the rewards offered by the political and ecclesiastical authorities amount, we are told, to sixty thousand dollars. There are indications that the holders of the painting were considerably embarrassed with their possession, and had previously attempted to pass it off with a score of indifferent Spanish canvases to a picture-cleaner, Mr. Vollmering. The consul, being duly notified, arrested the seller at the time of his completing the bargain with the money in his pocket; he calls himself Fernando Garcia, and protests innocence, though he had represented the painting to Mr. Schaus as a treasure long owned in his family. In company with a detective he has returned to Spain again with his picture, by way of Havana. Thus the chapel in the Seville Cathedral regains, if there is no counterfeiting in the case, its complete altar-piece; and the Saint, having travelled six thousand miles on his knees, resumes his old station after a wider career than those of Raphael's cartoons or the Elgin marbles. The seller of the picture has left behind him a friend, one Antonio Somariba, who protests strongly against the arbitrary way in which the pair of them were arrested, and laments that he has not funds to prosecute the detective. One would think, however, that such money could readily be raised among the Cuban party here, who have stormed about the "inquisitorial" proceeding of the Spanish power with delighted ardor.

—In 1837, a gentleman in Baltimore, named John Hopkins, procured the incorporation of a university, to be called by his name, and by gift at that time, and subsequently by bequest, endowed it with about \$3,500,000, not in wild lands either, but mainly in such solid securities as stock of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. The persons composing the corporation, twelve in number, are men of the highest character and standing in Baltimore—lawyers, doctors, and merchants. Moreover, Mr. Hopkins left nearly as much more money to found an hospital beside the university, thus giving the latter the opportunity of building a medical school of the first order. The money is left, too, to the corporation, who fill their own vacancies, absolutely untrammelled by any condition or reservation, political, religious, or literary, except the establishment of scholarships for the benefit of students from Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina. The endowment may, therefore, be called unprecedented both in its freedom and liberality. The trustees can found any kind of university they please, and they have thus a power which has never before been lodged in the hands of any body of men in this country. When we first heard of it we confess we felt little interest in it, concluding that we were simply to witness the addition of one more to the huge array of high schools which the country already possesses, in which poorly-paid professors would labor year after year in the dull and dead routine of giving a "university education," by teaching Latin, Greek, and mathematics, and perhaps a smattering of natural science, to half-prepared boys or girls, or both. But luckily this great endowment has fallen into the hands of men who have a higher idea of their responsibilities, and they intend to use it for the foundation of a real "seat of learning," or, in other words, for enabling the country to play its proper part in the best intellectual work of the day, feeling assured that the preparation of boys and girls to earn a livelihood will be abundantly looked after by other institutions. They accordingly sent for President Gilman of the California University, and asked him what he would do if he were put at the head of the new enterprise and were left perfectly free. He said in substance that he would make it the means of promoting scholarship of the first order, and this by only offering the kind of instruction to advanced students which other universities offer in their post-graduate courses, and leaving the kind of work now done by undergraduates to be done elsewhere. For this purpose he would select as professors men now standing in the front rank in their own fields; he would pay them well enough to leave them at their ease as regards the commoner and coarser cares; would give them only students who were far enough advanced to keep them constantly stimulated to the highest point; and he would exact from them yearly proof of the diligent and fruitful cultivation of their specialties by compelling them to print somewhere the results of their researches. Now, what this means, and how great a contribution it would be to the intellectual progress and fame of the United States, may be inferred when we say that we could at this moment name twenty men, employed at small salaries in existing colleges, whose work in certain fields of research would be of inestimable value to the science and literature of the world, but who are compelled, in order to earn their livelihood, to pass most of their time teaching the rudiments to boys, or preparing school-books; and that American graduates who would like to pursue certain lines of culture to their latest limits are compelled every year either to go abroad or content themselves with the necessarily imperfect aid which they can get in the post-graduate courses from over-worked and half-paid professors who are doing the duty of schoolmasters. One of the results of the present state of things—and none see it more plainly than those who like ourselves are called on every week to compare the results of the intellectual activity of Europe with our own—is that our intellectual progress bears no sort of proportion to our progress in the accumulation of wealth and in the mechanical arts. To the higher thought of the world we contribute shamefully little. The books that rouse and stimulate men in the various great fields of speculation to-day are almost invariably European, and it shows what a mental condition some of us have fallen into, that it has been seriously proposed, within a few years, to remedy this state of things by putting a heavy customs duty on the products of the European mind—a proposal worthy of the year 1000. We are glad to say that the Hopkins trustees fell in cordially with Mr. Gilman's terms, and offered him the presidency of the new institution, and that he will probably accept it. It is a great opportunity, and we hope and believe it will be rightly used.

—The February number of the *Popular Science Monthly* contains Professor Tyndall's "Reply to the Critics of the Belfast Address." The reply is only partly exculpatory, and is largely devoted to a vigorous attack on the Holy Father and the Church which he represents, and to an exposition

of the ignorance and superstition of the professors of the Catholic faith. In this Mr. Tyndall is, of course, completely successful, and as he recapitulates the grievous scientific errors and mortal sins into which the Church has at different times fallen—the ringing of the church-bells all over Europe to scare away Halley's comet in 1456, the decree of 1616 denouncing the Copernican system and "suspending" all books teaching it, the persecution of Galileo, and so on—the reader, if he is a scientific man or a Protestant, cannot but feel a glow of satisfaction in reflecting that he is not absurd enough to be a Catholic. The "Reply" also gives us some interesting biographical details about Mr. Tyndall himself. Born in Ireland, he belongs to one of those Irish-Protestant families which for many generations had been taught, from father to son, to hold their own against the Church of Rome. To quote his own words:

"I had a father whose memory ought to be to me a stay, and an example of unbending rectitude and purity of life. The small stock to which he belonged were scattered with various fortunes along that eastern rim of Leinster, from Wexford upward, to which they crossed from the Bristol Channel. My father was the poorest of them. Still, in his socially low but mentally and morally independent position, by his own inner energies and affinities he obtained a knowledge of history which would put mine to shame; while the whole of the controversy between Protestantism and Romanism was at his finger-ends. At the present moment the works and characters which occupied him come, as far-off recollections, to my mind: Claude and Bossuet, Chillingworth and Nott, Tillotson, Jeremy Taylor, Challoner and Milner, Pope and McGuire, and others whom I have forgotten, or whom it is needless to name. Still this man, so charged with the ammunition of controversy, was so respected by his Catholic fellow-townsmen, that they one and all put up their shutters when he died. With such a preceptor, and with an hereditary interest in the Papal controversy, I naturally mastered it. I did not confine myself to the Protestant statement of the question, but made myself also acquainted with the arguments of the Church of Rome. I remember to this hour the interest and surprise with which I read Challoner's 'Catholic Christian Instructed,' and on the border-line between boyhood and manhood I was to be found taking part in controversies in which the rival faiths were pitted against each other. I sometimes took the Catholic side, and gave my Protestant antagonist considerable trouble."

In this way, he says, the views of Irish Catholics became intimately known to him, and he vouches for the fact that "there was no doctrine of Protestantism which they more emphatically rejected, and the ascription of which to them they resented more warmly, than the doctrine of the Pope's personal infallibility." Yet, in face of this knowledge on his part, he declares that it was some time since obstinately asserted and reasserted in his presence, by a Catholic priest, that "the doctrine of the infallibility of the Pope has always been maintained in Ireland."

—Elsewhere in his reply Mr. Tyndall discusses the allegation that at Belfast he misused his position "by quitting the domain of science, and making an unjustifiable raid into the domain of theology." This, he says, he fails to see any foundation for, inasmuch as Kant, Laplace, and William Herschel were guilty of exactly the same offence. They, too, "prolonged the intellectual vision beyond the boundary of experience, and propounded the nebular theory."

"Accepting that theory as probable, is it not permitted to a scientific man to follow up in idea the series of changes associated with the condensation of the nebule; to picture the successive detachment of planets and moons, and the relation of all of them to the sun? If I look upon our earth, with its orbital revolution and axial rotation, as one small issue of the process which made the solar system what it is, will any theologian deny my right to entertain and to express this theoretic view? Time was when a multitude of theologians would be found to do so—when that arch-enemy of science which now vaunts its tolerance would have made a speedy end of the man who might venture to publish an opinion of the kind. But that time, unless the world is caught strangely slumbering, is for ever past. As regards inorganic Nature, then, I may traverse, without let or hindrance, the whole distance which separates the nebule from the worlds of to-day. But only a few years ago this now conceded ground of science was theological ground. I could by no means regard this as the final and sufficient concession of theology; and at Belfast I thought it not only my right but my duty to state that as regards the organic world, we must enjoy the freedom which we have already won in regard to the inorganic. I could not discern the shred of a title-deed which gave any man, or any class of men, the right to open the door of one of these worlds to the scientific searcher, and to close the other against him. And I considered it frankest, wisest, and in the long-run most conducive to permanent peace, to indicate without evasion or reserve the ground that belongs to science, and to which she will assuredly make good her claim."

One would suppose from this that in his Belfast address Mr. Tyndall only expressed a belief in the connection by development between organic and inorganic nature. But this has been done by many people before him without creating any hubbub. The objectionable and unscientific thing which has caused all the trouble was his declaration that he discerned in matter "the promise and potency of every form and quality of life," stating, or seeming to state, that matter was the *causa causans* of the universe. We fail,



for our part, to make out from this reply what is the precise kind of materialism for which Mr. Tyndall is willing to be held responsible, but from an editorial article in another part of the *Monthly* we infer that it "consists simply in ascribing higher powers and possibilities to matter than hitherto, and not in sinking mind in matter, or in asserting the materiality of mind in the name of scientific authority"—certainly a harmless, though perhaps for one who wishes disciples a vague, faith. Substantially, his reply to those of his assailants who have given him notice to quit theological ground, is that he is not and never has been a trespasser, but is a law-abiding scientist and has kept carefully on his own side of the boundary, about which line, however, he keeps moving with such surprising agility that no merely human eye can make out whether his defence is valid or not.

—With Charles Kingsley, who died in England on Sunday, has passed away one of the most widely known English writers of the present time. Mr. Kingsley, although not an old man at his death—he was in his fifty-sixth year—had in a measure outlived his earlier fame; but those who recall the literary events of twenty years ago will remember the appearance of his three or four novels—his chief title to remembrance—as not the least important among them. Mr. Kingsley had indeed not only outlived his earlier fame, he had even in some degree damaged and discredited it; and yet it may be said that 'Westward Ho!' and 'Hypatia' have not suffered by their kinship to their less happily begotten brothers. Their author was a striking example of a man who had a certain limited message to deliver—whose cup was filled, at the most, but halfway up to the brim. While the prime impulse lasted the result was admirable, so much so that one who vividly remembers it and who was at the time getting his initiation into the literature of the day, has to make an effort to write of it at all judiciously; but its days were numbered, and, though the cup was still offered for our entertainment and edification, one felt that the contents had been diluted and that the liquid had but a vague taste of its early potency. Mr. Kingsley played a number of parts, and his career was a busy one. If one wished to mention his most comprehensive rôle, one would of course allude to him as the exponent of "muscular Christianity." We are not able to say whether he invented the term, but practically he did most to propagate it. In this direction—and in this one only—Mr. Kingsley founded a school and exerted a sensible influence. The influence in many ways was for great good, and it is not the fault of the author of 'Westward Ho!' and 'Yeast' if 'Guy Livingstone' *et hoc genus omne* have all, and more than all, the foibles of his manner, and none of its virtues. Mr. Kingsley had entered the Church, and was thus able to emphasize the Christian side of his philosophy as well as the muscular; but it was, nevertheless, as presented in his novels rather than in his sermons (of which he published several collections), that the public chiefly relished it. In so far as it was in any definite degree a philosophy, it was the philosophy of Mr. Carlyle condensed and popularized, and addressed rather to the comprehension of the younger members of the community. Like the author of 'Sartor Resartus,' the author of 'Alton Locke' was an extreme Liberal, and if he had continued to advance in the direction taken by this volume, he would have found himself at the present day in rather startling company. But Mr. Kingsley never advanced very far in any direction; he had always, as the phrase is, a great many irons in the fire, but he suffered none of them to get thoroughly heated. 'Alton Locke,' as a Radical manifesto, had no successors, and in the author's later novels we mingle much more in high life than in low. Mr. Kingsley was always what is called a "hearty" writer; he wrote with an air of high animal spirits, and often in an admirably picturesque style; but to our sense, which was perhaps fastidious, the note of simple sincerity was rather wanting. 'Alton Locke,' as we remember it after the lapse of many years, had a natural heat and youthful candor which never reappeared. In 1856, if we are not mistaken, Mr. Kingsley published the novel of 'Two Years Ago,' which marked his highest tide of success. After this, we think it will not be denied, his inspiration ebbed most sensibly.

—It often seemed to us regrettable that Mr. Kingsley was not either a good deal more or a good deal less of a serious writer. His didactic effort, in its later developments, such as his Lectures on Modern History at the University of Cambridge, was sufficient to obstruct his imagination, but not in itself of any great illuminating force. As a reasoner, and indeed as a moralist, Mr. Kingsley was very weak, and he had been so strong as a story-teller before he assumed these responsibilities, that his old admirers always bore him, in his other capacity, an obstinate grudge. A capital novelist was spoiled to make a very indifferent historian. Six months hence, probably, critics will lay aside any present hesitation they may have in saying that 'The Roman and the Teuton' and the lectures on the Ancient Régime were very singular contributions to historical science from a

Cambridge professor. Mr. Kingsley's enterprise was to demolish history as a science, to prove that all human things depend upon the "valiant man, God helping," etc. His career at Cambridge was brief, and added distinction neither to the University nor to his own record. Mr. Kingsley's vagaries as a moralist may perhaps best be illustrated by reference to the "moral" support which, in company with Carlyle and others, he offered to Jefferson Davis and Governor Eyre. Mr. Kingsley's opinions, by this time, had become very favorable to the aristocracy. Our readers have not, perhaps, forgotten at what cost to his tranquillity he paid his famous compliment to the upper class—assuring it that it possessed all the good looks and half the good morals of England. (We do not pretend to give the exact formula, but this was about the sense of it.) Such leanings are of course perfectly legitimate; all we can say is, that it is a pity to mix incongruous things; to pretend to philosophize without the philosophic instinct, and to make one's personal tastes do duty as dogmas. The danger with those tastes of which Mr. Kingsley made himself in a manner the prophet, is that the merely brutal side of them may come uppermost; that the "valiant man," even with God's help to do otherwise, may run too much to brawn and muscle and become obtuse in his moral perceptions. Mr. Kingsley was the apostle of English pluck, English arms and legs, and the English sporting and fighting temper generally, and he has given some admirable illustrations of these fine things; but we imagine that the accepted Kingsleyan type of manhood has lately come to be regarded as having a certain inadequacy. The average well-developed young Englishman of the present moment would be likely to feel that it offered a meagre allowance for the stowage of the cerebral parts. The type has played its part bravely, however, and we should be sorry to speak of it with anything but gratitude. Mr. Kingsley will retain a place in our literary history as a rather rash and indiscreet man of genius, with a taste for deeper waters than his intellectual stature warranted his attempting; or rather, to speak more justly, his indiscretions, his lectures, his essays (happy passages as there are in many of these) will be forgotten, and he will be judged by those two or three novels which represent his genius at its best. These in their way are admirable, and their influence in this country and in England has been wide, and, taken altogether, very wholesome. It is not too much to say that they have been part of the mental development of most of the young people growing up during the last twenty-five years. Mr. Kingsley offered the singular spectacle of a man whose imagination died a natural death in its prime, as it were; but while it lived, it was vigorous and splendid. If we picked out half-a-dozen modern English novels for the use of posterity, one of them, and one of the first, would certainly be 'Westward Ho!' We should add to this three or four of the author's admirable songs, which indeed posterity, left to itself, is likely to continue to sing.

—Mr. MacGahan's book describing his adventures in pursuit of the Russian army in its campaign against Khiva, and after joining it, interesting as the book is and useful, admits obviously of the addition of details from those who accompanied some one of the branches of the expedition through its whole march, and also of some enlargement as a history of military enterprise. The full narrative of the Orenburg (MacGahan's) detachment, with all its incidents, is told very agreeably by a gentleman who was assigned to this division as physician and surgeon, Dr. Grimm, in the "Reise-Eindrücke eines russischen Militär-Arztes" in the *Russische Revue*, No. II. for 1874. Dr. Grimm mentions a fact that MacGahan has perhaps noted, though we do not remember it in him, that the cylindrical hat of black sheepskin worn by the Khan's subjects presses the ears down and forwards, and that this disfigurement, which occurs elsewhere only in a few Afghans who are distinguished from the Khivese otherwise by their garments, serves in Central Asia as a mark of the Khivese. The expedition considered in its military aspect, with comments upon Russian policy in Central Asia from the favorable side, and a history of the campaign "nach den Quellen," are presented by another writer, Emil Schmidt, in about two hundred of the large octavo pages of the magazine, Nos. IV., V., VI. and VII. (twelve numbers of the *Revue* are published in the year, beginning with January, but at irregular intervals). This author, who, as might be expected, is the later writer, corrects a few errors in other descriptions of the expedition, especially Stumm's, and in maps published in Petermann. He gives also, in about twenty pages, a list of all the works relating to Khiva from the earliest times, beginning with the Zendavesta, and concluding with narratives treating particularly of the expedition. Both Grimm's narrative and Schmidt's have been published separately in St. Petersburg; neither of them has a map of the country, as has P. Lereh's 'Khiva oder Khârezm,' also published separately from the *Revue*, and highly praised by

Schmidt. Lerch's book discusses principally the earlier writers upon Khiva up to the seventeenth century.

#### MR. GREVILLE'S JOURNAL.\*

MR. GREVILLE belonged to a more leisurely generation than our own, and he is a singularly complete example of the amateur annalist. Born in an aristocratic circle; intimate with all the social magnates of his time, and related to many of them; holder of a political office which gave him the "inside view" of public people and affairs, and yet was enough of a sinecure to leave him liberty and time for thinking and writing after his own fashion; observant, shrewd, sagacious, cultivated, too, in a fair degree, in spite of his disclaimers—he had the happy inspiration very early in life of taking copious notes of what he saw and heard, the perseverance to continue the practice for half a century, and the talent to make his observations extremely luminous and interesting. In 1818, when he was barely twenty-four years of age, he resumed a Journal which he had already begun and interrupted, "because," as he says, "having frequent opportunities of mixing in the society of celebrated men, some particulars about them might be interesting hereafter." With this simple remark he ushers in this extremely voluminous record of the political and social events of his time, of which the first instalment, coming up to the year 1837, fills two stout, closely-printed volumes. The remainder, from the accession of Queen Victoria to the close of the author's life in 1865, is withheld for the present, in deference to contemporary susceptibilities. The author fulfils the first duty of a memoir-writer—that of being frank; and if his treatment of the people of our own immediate day may be measured by his treatment of their fathers and grandfathers, there will be high entertainment, in the volumes yet to come, for their children and grandchildren. It is not that he is a scandal-monger, but something that is, on the whole, more uncomfortable. Scandal may be set down as scandal, and abusive tales may easily be too heavily weighted to float. Mr. Greville is discreet, temperate, irreproachable in tone, never scurrilous. But, on the other hand, he is full of common sense; he has an extreme directness of vision; he looks at things and people (people especially) for himself; he is the victim of no sentimental illusions nor social superstitions; he calls a spade a spade in all cases, and he brings his really penetrating observation to bear on great people and small with an uncompromising instinct of truth. In this way he pronounces a great many cutting judgments and registers an immense variety of unflattering characterizations. Much of it is just such talk (minus the gossip which is mere gossip, and which he consistently eschews) as Mr. Greville might have had any evening with a sympathetic friend during the last half-hour before going to bed—talk always with a little moralizing in it; enough to keep it from being frivolous, but not enough to keep either party awake. He tells no startling secrets and he alludes to few enticing mysteries; but his narrative has constantly a savor of which this, for instance, is a brief example: "I have had a squabble with Lady Holland about some nonsense; but she was insolent and I was fierce, and then she was civil, as she usually is to those who won't be bullied by her"; or this, even about Mrs. Somerville: "I could not then take my eyes off the woman, with a feeling of surprise and something like incredulity, all involuntary and very foolish; but to see a mincing, smirking person, fan in hand, gliding about the room, talking nothings and nonsense, and to know that Laplace was her plaything and Newton her acquaintance, was too striking a contrast not to torment the brain. It was Newton's mantle, trimmed and flounced by Muradan." These are light instances, chosen for brevity; we might quote fifty others, notes on Lord Anglesey, on Peel, Brougham, Palmerston, Macaulay, and the author's innumerable political acquaintances—all having the precious stamp of private judgment, of that *real* impression which, in society, it is so hard to ascertain. On persons lifted up higher into the light, Mr. Greville's unreserve is proportionately complete. George IV. and William IV. are given us in a series of touches which form at last, in each case, a full-length portrait of a formidably veracious cast; poor, plain Queen Adelaide is very far from flattered; the Duke of Wellington is handled like an ordinary mortal and (in politics) a very bungling one. Mr. Greville is not a Saint-Simon; but the earlier portions of his Journal, relating to the person and *entourage* of George IV., have not a little of the incisiveness and color of that immortal scribbler.

Mr. Greville was Clerk of the Council under the two sovereigns we have

\* *A Journal of the Reigns of King George IV. and King William IV.* By the late Charles C. F. Greville, Esq. In two volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1875.

The same, abridged in Bric-a-Brac Series. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1875.

mentioned—a position which made him pass his whole life in a political atmosphere, at the same time that it gave him no political responsibilities. He was a Whig and a Liberal (as the term was understood forty years ago), and although he was a complete man of society, he was quite capable of taking general views, and, when he speaks of the future, making serious reflections. His Journal has an under-current of melancholy, and if he was not exactly a bilious observer, he was by no means an optimist. "He is half-mad, eccentric, ingenious," he says of a politician of his time, "with a great and varied information, and a coarse, vulgar mind, delighting in ribaldry and abuse, *besides being an enthusiast.*" That is Liberalism tempered by good-breeding; but when he says (in 1829) "I am convinced that very few years will elapse before the Church will really be in danger. People will grow tired of paying so dearly for so bad an article"; or when he talks, apropos of the cholera in 1832, and the misery revealed by the investigations of the Health Commissioners, of "the rotten foundation on which the whole fabric of this gorgeous society rests" ("Can such a state of things permanently go on?" he asks. "Can any reform ameliorate it?") when he exclaims, over the dulness of his Journal, "What can I make out of such animals as I herd with, and such occupations as I am engaged in?" and when, in a dozen different places, he repines at his wasted life, his having played no part and made nothing of himself, he takes us into the confidence of a person who, in the intervals of dining-out, of parliamentary debates and horse-racing, finds human life decidedly less brilliant than it would seem that these occupations ought to make it. Mr. Greville had a passion for the turf, owned some famous horses, and spent at Newmarket and Doncaster an amount of time which in his melancholy moods he bitterly grudges. He was a gentleman, not only socially but intellectually, and he continued to the end to find something wanting in the conversation of horsey people. He never married, and his long life was passed in London and in country visits. In 1830 he made a journey to Italy, where he still faithfully journalizes, and quotes (and, indeed, periphrasizes) indifferent verses. Six years later he paid a visit to Paris, but these are the only absences mentioned during a period of nearly twenty years. All this time—from the end of the Regency to the accession of the present Queen—he kept his eyes fixed on the shifting panorama of English politics, and noted minutely the ins and outs, the ups and downs, of parties, of leaders, of measures and tendencies. It is, of course, as a contribution to English political history that this work has most value, and American readers in general will find (especially in the second volume) a bewildering excess of detail on matters with which they are scantily conversant. It is in a great measure the secret history of everything which was either planned or performed under six or eight successive administrations.

Mr. Greville was not the rose, but he lived near the roses, and he discussed things, sooner or later, with every one of consequence, from the two kings and the Duke of Wellington, from Talleyrand and the Princess de Lieven, down to Beau Brummel, Mr. Batchelor the valet of George IV., Theodore Hook, and the numerous Fitzclarences, illegitimate progeny of William IV. Every one passes before him, and he has something to say—some anecdote to relate, some *mot* to register, some reflection to slip in, about every one and everything. He turns inside out, as it were, one after another, the governments of the Duke of Wellington, of Lord Grey, of Sir Robert Peel, of Lord John Russell, of Lord Melbourne, of Lord Palmerston. Much of his journalizing on all these matters seems to us at this distance of time a rather wearisome imbroglio, for the questions at issue have long ago lost their actuality. Reform, as Mr. Greville impatiently invoked it in 1830, and as the Duke of Wellington blindly and doggedly resisted it, has been rather cast into the shadow by the long strides of Mr. Gladstone and John Bright. Mr. Greville's goal has been for some time our starting-point. Nevertheless, the interest of such memoranda—that of seeing how events and actions looked at the moment of their occurrence—is permanent, and in our author's narrative, at numberless points, we seem to breathe the moral atmosphere of the time. Returning again and again to certain of the leading actors in public affairs, with one touch confirming or correcting, or illuminating another, he ends by giving us a number of very lifelike and really brilliant portraits. Few readers who have not already been exceptionally initiated but will feel that after reading these pages they know the Duke of Wellington and Lord Brougham in a more intimate way than they could have expected. Anecdotes of the personal kind are especially abundant in the first volume, and the most pointed ones, perhaps, cluster about the personality of that magnanimous ruler, George IV. Mr. Greville regarded his sovereign with a wholesome contempt and never spares him a thrust. It was supposed that by this time we knew all about him, but Mr. Greville really vivifies our knowledge. "The fact is that he is a spoiled, selfish, odious beast, and has no idea of doing anything but what



is agreeable to himself, or of there being any duties attached to the office he holds."

"He leads," says Mr. Greville elsewhere, "a most extraordinary life—never gets up till six in the afternoon. They come to him and open the window-curtains at six or seven o'clock in the morning; he breakfasts in bed, does whatever business he can be brought to transact in bed, too, he reads every newspaper quite through, dozes three or four hours, gets up in time for dinner, and goes to bed between ten and eleven. He sleeps very ill, and rings his bell forty times in the night; if he wants to know the hour, though a watch hangs close to him, he will have his *valet de chambre* down rather than turn his head to look at it. The same thing if he wants a glass of water; he won't stretch out his hand to get it."

Mr. Greville writes of this monarch in a tone of irritation, and we can imagine that it must have been rather a tax on one's patience to have to show especial civility to a corpulent voluptuary of this particular pattern. William IV., with his awkward, blundering, boisterous, garrulous activity, is sketched with an even greater multitude of touches:

"His ignorance, weakness, and levity put him in a miserable light and prove him to be one of the silliest old gentlemen in his dominions; but I believe he is mad, for yesterday he gave a great dinner to the Jockey Club, at which (notwithstanding his cares) he seemed in excellent spirits; and after dinner he made a number of speeches, so ridiculous and nonsensical, beyond all belief but to those who heard him, rambling from one subject to another, repeating the same thing over and over again, and altogether such a mass of confusion, trash, and imbecility as made one laugh and blush at the same time."

It was after one of the King's speeches of this kind that a neighbor of Talleyrand's, at table, asked him what he thought of it. "With his unmoved, immovable face he answered only, 'C'est bien remarquable.'" There would be a great deal to quote, if we had space, upon the Duke of Wellington, as to whom the author seems divided between a sense of his great soldiership and a sense of his incompetency as a political leader. He is equally sorry to forget the one and to shut his eyes to the other. Everything that he says about the Duke of Wellington seems to us to indicate in an unusual degree the faculty of discrimination. It is really refined characterization. The same is true of his treatment of Peel. There are a great many very short anecdotes, but even these are too long for us.

"Talleyrand afterwards talked of Madame de Staël and Monti. They met at Madame de Marescalchi's villa, near Bologna, and were profuse of compliments and admiration for each other. Each brought a copy of their respective works, beautifully bound, to present to the other. After a day passed in an interchange of literary flatteries and the most ardent expressions of delight, they separated, but each forgot to carry away the present of the other, and the books remain in Madame de Marescalchi's library to this day."

Of Washington Irving Mr. Greville makes mention which is slightly derogatory; it is a case of "how it strikes a contemporary" when the contemporary is rigidly a man of the world, and of the Old World. "Washington Irving wants sprightliness and more refined manners. . . . Even Irving, who has been so many years here, has a bluntness which is very foreign to the tone of good society." We must make room lastly for this about Monk Lewis:

"He had a long-standing quarrel with Lushington. Having occasion to go to Naples, he wrote beforehand to him to say that their quarrel had better be suspended, and he went and lived with him and his sister (Lady L.) in perfect cordiality during his stay. When he departed, he wrote to Lushington that now they could resume their quarrel, and accordingly he did resume it, with rather more *acharnement* than before."

But we must leave our readers to explore at first hand this very considerable contribution to the political and social history of England for the greater part of the present century. Mr. Greville, in quietly making his entries, knew he was doing well, but he has done even better than he suspected. In addition to portraying a society, he has depicted himself; and his figure, in spite of a certain dryness, has a kind of exemplary dignity. It is eminently that of a gentleman. We welcome these volumes as a suggestive reminder that it is, after all, possible to be concerned with public affairs and to preserve the tone belonging to this character.

#### THE COMTE DE PARIS'S HISTORY OF THE REBELLION.\*

JUDGING from the two volumes already published, the Comte de Paris contemplates writing a military history of the war complete in every particular, the smallest skirmish not being omitted. We must not, on account of the author's short service as an aide-de-camp on General McClellan's staff, prejudge this book to be an account of his personal services and a plea for General McClellan. Such is far from being the case. He writes of the entire war, East and West, after years of study on

all its details and from every authority available; and General McClellan early comes in for sharp censure for his inaction in October, 1861, when "he lost the best opportunity he ever had for commencing a successful and decisive campaign."

The purely political part of the struggle is mentioned only in a short chapter on slavery and in part of the chapter on the Presidential election. The author's theory of the cause of the war may be briefly summed up—viz., that in the increasing population and prosperity of the North the South feared that it was losing the preponderance in national affairs which it had maintained from the beginning of the War of Independence; that the South was determined on extending slavery into the Territories and newly-formed States, since on slavery depended its own prosperity; and that, failing in this attempt, it intended to regain its influence by conquering a humiliating peace from the North. With the justice or injustice of this view we are not concerned. In comparison with the magnitude of the work, it is not given at great length, but simply from the feeling that some statement of the ultimate causes of the war was necessary. Once fairly entered upon the events of the struggle, however, the political and military history are so intermingled that they cannot be separated; and it is hinted that the fourth volume will be mainly devoted to the subject of emancipation.

This is essentially a military history, although not written for the limited circle of technical military readers. Of the nine volumes to which it will extend, the first two bring us only to the spring of 1862, and end with the battle in Hampton Roads and the embarkation of McClellan's army for the Peninsula. In the first volume the only action described of any consequence is the Battle of Bull Run; but this volume is perhaps the most valuable of all, inasmuch as it contains an elaborate criticism of our system of a small regular army supplemented in time of need by immense numbers of volunteers; and this criticism is from one accustomed all his life to, and thoroughly familiar with, the organization and methods of European armies. He quickly seizes upon the salient military features of the war, which we conceive to be, first, the importance of the railroads, this being the first great war in which they were employed; and, second, the effect of the nature of the country fought over upon the grand tactics necessarily employed. While strategy is a fixed science, unchangeable from its very nature, tactics—the other element of the military art—is constantly changing, both in its minor and grand divisions; and it is notorious that the tactics of the late war were, from the topographical features of its theatre, essentially modified from those of European wars. The author accordingly plunges at once into a long topographical description of the theatre of the war—a broken and wooded country, only about one-eighth part cultivated, sparsely settled, and incapable, as a general rule, of supporting a large army; necessitating the transportation of supplies over a long distance, and confining an army to the neighborhood of a river or a railroad as a base. This leads him to remark that one of Napoleon's most famous maxims—separate to subsist, and concentrate to fight—does not obtain in America:

"Thus, while in countries rich in resources of provisions, like Europe, an army separates to subsist and concentrates to fight, we see that in America the larger an army, the more it must concentrate to subsist; for, obtaining almost nothing from the country it occupies, the more it deploys, the greater the difficulty of supplying the corps distant from the route which alone supplies it."

In connection with this subject of supply, the vast and intricate river-systems of the Southern States are fully explained; and how they in turn gave rise to the combined land and naval expeditions, which the author regards "as giving to this war its distinctive character among all modern wars."

The history of the Regular Army is carefully and accurately presented. Beginning with a description of the course of study at West Point, the army is followed through the war of 1812—"which only developed the fact, which has been so many times since confirmed, that on the soil of America the defensive is easy, the offensive difficult, to sustain"—through the swamps of Florida, the war with Mexico, and the dreary service on the Plains. Of the army in Mexico the author says:

"But this little band, composed of the *élite* of the American forces, had acquired, with a feeling of pride in its achievements, an experience of war by which the whole regular army profited, and which was not lost for the great struggle of 1861. It was in the young generation which learned its trade so well under Gen. Scott that Federals and Confederates sought the chiefs to whom they confided the direction of their armies." . . . Gen. Scott "had invigorated the regular army, had given it traditions, and had, above all, inspired it with confidence in itself. Thus, knowing how to make himself beloved as well as obeyed, he was thenceforth regarded as the father of the family of officers formed in his school."

\* "Histoire de la Guerre Civile en Amérique. Par M. le Comte de Paris." Tomes I. et II. Paris: Michel Lévy frères; New York: F. W. Christern.

But it was not West Point and the Regular Army alone who were to fight the civil war. They were to furnish the successful leaders on both sides, but the 2,700,000 men who were enrolled from first to last were to come from civil life: all professions and all trades, rich merchants and planters, small farmers and "poor whites," high-born, delicately-reared gentlemen and newly-arrived, ignorant emigrants, and the scum of cities—the whole male population, in short, both North and South, was to be represented in that motley, undisciplined, but determined assemblage of men which began gathering on both sides of the Potomac in May, 1861. Of what men these bodies were constituted; how the regiments were raised in the various States, and then turned over to the General Government; how they were provided with commanders, brigaded and divisioned, drilled and commanded; how order was gradually brought out of chaos; and how, before this was accomplished, but in obedience to public opinion, the first rude trial of arms was had at Bull Run, and the magnitude of the struggle began to be appreciated—all this is well told, and with it concludes the first volume.

With the second volume we get fairly into the war, but a dreary account it is at first—of the operations in Missouri, the endless marchings back and forward of Price and Sigel, McCulloch and Hunter, the death of the most valuable officer in the field, General Lyon, the senseless division by Fremont of his army into a dozen detachments, and his dabbling in politics at St. Louis, and finally his relief from command. It is a little enlivened by the appearance of General Grant on the scene, in the slight disaster of Belmont, but on the whole it is tedious reading, and at the end of a long chapter we read with a sigh of relief that

"The rigors of winter came to put an end for some time to military operations. When they recommenced, in 1862, they were undertaken with a more concerted plan (*avec plus d'ensemble*). Those which we have just narrated form a collection of small events which seem to have no connection with one another, and which may have appeared to the reader very long and monotonous. It was necessary, however, to give an account of them to show how the war was carried on in those distant regions—a war which in many ways recalled those of the Middle Ages, where small armies unceasingly advance or retreat before one another, often disappear from sight, meet one day on the field of battle and disperse the next for want of means of subsistence."

Of a similar nature were the action at Ball's Bluff, and the various manoeuvres, small combats, and endless marchings and counter-marchings of the detachments, then called armies, in West Virginia, Eastern Kentucky, and Tennessee. In describing all this so minutely, the author undoubtedly lays himself open to the charge of diffuseness. He would probably state in excuse that he is describing the war as it was conducted, and that although these small encounters had no lasting effect on the issue of the war, still he feels obliged to describe them in detail, in order to show the extent to which they were carried before the Northern generals realized their mistake. Mistake it undoubtedly was; instead of uniting their scattered forces and breaking through the extended line of posts held by the Confederates from the Alleghenies to far beyond the Mississippi, the policy was to fly the flag over as many isolated points as possible in the South, and thus to "regain territory." It was not until the fighting qualities of both sides were fully proved in the sanguinary battle of Shiloh that the commanders in the West realized that the rebellion was to be suppressed, not by occupying so many States and Territories, but by actually defeating the Confederates under arms.

However, early in the spring of 1862, while McClellan was bound fast about Washington by the mud of Virginia roads, having lost his opportunity in the mild autumn, some tangible plan seemed about to succeed the aimless wanderings of the Federal forces west of the Alleghenies. Grant, with 15,000 men, was at the junction of the Tennessee and Ohio Rivers, and purposed, with the aid of Foote and his gunboats, to penetrate the Confederacy by the way of the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers. This plan was at once made feasible by the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, and their fall necessitated the evacuation of Columbus, Bowling Green, and Nashville, and the taking up of a new Confederate defensive line through Memphis and Chattanooga.

Another proof of a better comprehension of military matters was given in uniting all the forces in the Mississippi Valley under the command of a single officer (Halleck), and in the preparations—tardy as they were—for concentrating these forces. Grant had advanced his army, now 30,000 strong, to Pittsburg Landing early in March, and was there leisurely maturing his plans—under Halleck—for a further advance, when he was suddenly attacked by 40,000 men under Johnston and Beauregard; and the first really hard-fought battle of the war took place about the little church at Shiloh, on the 6th and 7th of April. The story of this battle is so well

told, and the criticisms on the want of vigilance of the Federal generals are so just, that while referring our readers to the book itself, we will translate a few of the reflections of the author at the close of his narrative of the battle:

"The Federals had been taught a great and salutary lesson which could not be lost on men of the stamp of Grant and Sherman. Henceforth, officers and soldiers felt the necessity of constant vigilance; for they were all learning their trade in this grand and rude school." . . . "It was, in fact, from the date of this battle that the two armies learned to know and respect each other. Taught by this experience, their generals comprehended that so long as such armies should keep the field, the struggle between the North and the South would not be terminated. Heretofore their object had been, on either side, to take or to defend positions, rivers, territories. Beauregard, in the East, had only thought of defending Manassas. In the West, everything had been sacrificed by the Confederates to preserve the numerous fortifications on which, as they imagined, depended the possession of the Central States; Mill Springs, Bowling Green, Donelson, Fort Henry, Columbus, and Island No. 10; all the efforts of the Federals had only for their object to wrest from them these positions, these rivers, these territories. Johnston and Beauregard, whatever may be the share of each in this new conception, put in practice at Shiloh a new plan, and endeavored solely to destroy the hostile army. If this plan, well conceived, had not been baffled by the arrival of Buell, the results of their victory would have demonstrated the accuracy of their reasoning. Grant, left to his own forces on the 7th, would have been overwhelmed. Van Dorn, arriving a few days later, would have enabled the Confederate army to make Buell pay dear for his adventurous march from Nashville to Savannah. The invading armies once dispersed, ten new works, as strong as Donelson or Columbus, would have been erected on the rivers, would have closed their course to the Federal gunboats; the positions conquered by the North with so much effort would have fallen of themselves, and the war been carried back to the banks of the Ohio and Missouri.

"In those hours of anxiety in which he saw his army driven back to the river which was about to swallow it up, Grant no doubt made all these reflections, and from that time he did not cease to repeat that the principal objective of the war should be the destruction of the hostile armies rather than the conquest of such or such portion of the territory."

But little more is told in this volume of the land operations. The beginning of McClellan's difficulties and disputes with the Administration is indeed foreshadowed, but it would be useless to comment on this until we have the whole account of the Peninsular campaign. The rest of the volume is devoted to the earliest of the combined land and naval expeditions, the movements of Admiral Foote's fleet in the West, the Roanoke expedition, and the purely naval combat in Hampton Roads. With the account of this last momentous engagement—the first in the world's history between armored ships—the second volume closes. If those which are to succeed it are composed in the same clear and comprehensive manner, we shall undoubtedly have the best history yet written of the military operations of the war. The list of kindred works is still meagre. Besides the official reports of both sides, which are often contradictory, and, in the case of the South, difficult of access, we have on that side the several books on the 'Lost Cause' by the late Mr. Pollard, General Johnston's narrative, and various minor biographies, none of which pretend to the rank of final history. On the Northern side by far the best accounts, in spite of their somewhat theatrical style, are those of Swinton in his 'Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac' and 'The Twelve Decisive Battles of the War.' In addition to these we have Badeau's 'Life of Grant,' not yet completed; De Trobriand's 'Four Years in the Army of the Potomac'; Headley's 'Sherman and His Generals,' and many more of the same class—not a very valuable one. Greeley's and Draper's histories of the war are political rather than military. From England we have had Colonel Fletcher's 'History of the American War,' some theoretical discussions of the campaigns in Colonel Hamley's 'Operations of War,' the 'Campaigns in Virginia and Maryland,' and some excellent biographical essays by Colonel Chesney. Far above all these in pretension, and so far in accomplishment, stands the work of the Comte de Paris, the first attempt at a full and connected military history of the whole war. The letterpress, as might be expected from Lévy, is excellent; and the maps and plans of battle-fields, taken from those of the Coast Survey and War Department, and handsomely lithographed, leave nothing to be desired.

*Life and Literature in the Fatherland.* By John F. Hurst. (New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1875.)—The present widespread interest in everything relating to Germany may secure a sale for this book, but the dead level of monotony in its style will weary out even the most phlegmatic readers before they are half through its pages. In reality, it contains little of interest about either life or literature in Germany, but is mainly an ill-arranged medley of dull journals of travel, trite information about the late Franco-German war, eulogies of a few theological professors, and visits to great pub-



lishing houses. In fact, the space given in a volume of such title to the subject of the mere manufacture of books as articles of trade, is a fair commentary on the strangely external point of view from which everything is regarded. We are conducted, for example, by Dr. Hurst to Heidelberg University. From all he tells us of it, one would suppose it to be little more than a divinity school in a decaying state. There is a cry of "Ichabod, Ichabod," over the falling away from the old standards of theological belief, and much space is devoted to one Schenkel, who is pronounced the most complete "charlatan" in Germany. But of the powerful men who are drawing round them crowds of eager students and making a mark on the thought of the age—of Bunsen, perhaps the greatest of living chemical discoverers; of Kirchhoff, the companion of Bunsen in working out the discovery of spectrum analysis; of Von Treitschke, with his throng of hearers hanging on his superb criticisms of the great poets and statesmen of the Fatherland, or his masterly historical discussions of the political problems of Prussia, Italy, and France; of Zeller in philosophy, and Bluntschli in the law of nations—though they were all at work when our author was in Heidelberg, there is no mention. The living powers in life and literature are passed over in comparative silence—one would surmise, not known to exist. From university to university our author goes his round, lantern in hand, in search of old-fashioned theologians. When he finds one he cries Eureka! and great is his joy over his discovery.

Not that there are not some notices of what Dr. Hurst especially styles "literary characters." One long chapter is entirely devoted to four of these, though what principle has guided the selection of names it would be dangerous to wager. Two of them are novelists, Auerbach and Stifter, one is a geographer, Petermann, and the fourth, for all the world, is Carl Vogt, the zoölogist. The helter-skelter manner in which these are huddled together is a fair specimen of the way the whole book is made up. As bare enumerations of the birth, position, and works of the persons in question, the sketches are indeed as readable as we should expect in an encyclopædia. But if we look for any nice or original criticism, anything fresh or characteristic, we shall reckon without our host. Nothing indicates that our author was drawn to them by any vital, personal interest or appreciation of what is peculiar in them. We must make one exception, however. Carl Vogt's "opposition to the Mosaic account of the creation, which is with him almost a monomania," was, ten to one, the undoubted motive for selecting him. It gave our author a chance to introduce two well-worn stories about gorillas and monkeys visiting the professor and thanking him for giving them and the rest of their race their true position before the world. In fact, these trivial stories and the annihilating argument they are supposed to embody furnish the key-note to Dr. Hurst's position towards the intellect of Germany. He has no comprehension of its depth and seriousness. Outside of a narrow, dogmatic circle he is hopelessly baffled and lost. A master in the Israel of science like Haeckel is to him a creature infested with odd whims about atoms and germs, and the power of a silk-worm to grow into a beaver hat. Nor does he, in this book at least, manifest any acquaintance with such real and efficient champions of the spiritualistic side as Hermann Lotze, the younger Fichte, and Carrière.

With these deductions—and they are certainly ample ones in a book entitled 'Life and Literature in the Fatherland'—we would say that there are a good many things of incidental interest scattered through its pages. The account of Charlotte Hildebrand, the sorely-tried woman to whom were addressed Wilhelm von Humboldt's "Letters to a Female Friend," will interest all who are familiar with that beautiful and bracing book. We thoroughly endorse Dr. Hurst's view of the impolicy or worse than impolicy of sending American children, unaccompanied by their parents, to Germany for school education. It is time a blast were blown against this increasing practice. The good schools of Germany are mainly the public ones. Into these, American boys cannot enter until they have attained very considerable proficiency in the language; nor, having entered, can they derive any real benefit from the course of study unless they remain for years. The private schools, which catch the large proportion of foreign boys, are generally wretched. The different nationalities in them herded together and use their own tongue. Little German is learned and much English forgotten or debauched. The land swarms with American boys who can neither write a decent German letter, nor spell as simple an English phrase as "the son of my house" much more correctly than "the Sohn of my Haus." We dissent, however, from Dr. Hurst's view that "in no other land is the relation between teacher and pupil so beautified and sweetened by such a large element of real sympathy and friendship." German tea-hers almost always impress American boys as harsh and brutal in their manners. In fact, the school-system is Spartan and half military: the pupil must be as much afraid of his master as the private soldier of his officer. Many of

the good results of German education grow out of this, as like ones grew out of the old English custom of flogging the Latin grammar into the boys. We would forewarn even young ladies thinking of going out to study music in the conservatories of Leipzig and Stuttgart to be prepared for many a cry over what they will stigmatize as brutal treatment, and to expect to have their notes thrown furiously across the room by the exasperated professor, or to be informed by him that he could get upon the key-board and play the piece better with his boots. But they will learn ten times more from "the bear" than from one who would let them have their own sweet, foolish will.

*Remains of Lost Empires: Sketches of the Ruins of Palmyra, Nineveh, Babylon, and Persepolis, etc.* By P. V. N. Myers, A.M. (New York: Harper & Bros. 1875.)—This stout and handsome volume (it is beautifully printed) is a decidedly disappointing record of an extremely interesting journey. Mr. Myers's opportunities were excellent, and his scientific equipment, especially in the matter of geology, seems to have been very sufficient; but he possesses the art neither of minute observation nor of graphic description, and he has the misfortune to write a style recalling in equal measure that of the newspaper reporter and the pietistic "tract." There is something really irritating in seeing a traveller with Mr. Myers's apparent energy in locomotion wear such very dim spectacles as those he generally brings to bear on people and manners. "A few hours from Birjic we met a party of four or five horsemen breaking along the rocks at a reckless speed. They proved to be the post with the Aleppo mail. This was the first thing like a hurry we had seen in Syria. It was really refreshing to see something moving lively in such a stupidly slow country." The writer of these lines seems to us here, besides giving the key to his style, to betray that he is not a sympathetic observer. He is himself in too great a hurry, and though he gives careful descriptions of the ruins and the topography of the several great extinct cities he visited, he has little sense of detail and but a rough way of relating things. That portion of his journey which he here narrates was begun at Damascus, from which city (with his brother, who was his companion throughout, and whose early death he commemorates in his preface) he proceeded on a five days' excursion across the desert to Palmyra. He reproduces, in a degree, the impressiveness of those mighty colonnades, gazing in silence at their sandy horizon, and makes us feel that, if they point to a nearer and less mysterious past than Nineveh and Babylon, their immense desolation is perhaps only more tragical. Palmyra rose and fell under the Roman Cæsars, and both her rise, while she was tributary, and her fall, when she rebelled, give us the measure of a power in which we are still interested, as the great initiator of our modern world. Mr. Myers explored the ruined cities of Northern Syria, which he found both numerous and interesting, and then made his way across the plains of Mesopotamia to the Tigris, striking it opposite to Nineveh. From Jerusalem to this point he had ridden a thousand miles. As to Nineveh the author is voluminous, and devotes some space to discussing, apropos of a Ninevite tablet inscribed with the Chaldean record of the Deluge, the question of the literal veracity of the Biblical recital of that event. He sides with the Bible, and, being a geologist, is able to affirm that the Chaldean plains are distinctly destitute of such evidence of submersion of the land as to justify the theory that the tradition of the Flood was a myth resting on a mere local inundation.

Mr. Myers hired a raft at Mosul and floated down the Tigris to Bagdad, "the only living city of any note in a region filled with the entombed cities of dead monarchies." His account of navigation on the great Assyrian stream is entertaining—especially the story of a prolonged hurricane, during which the raft took, as it were, the bit between her teeth and rushed along for a night at her own discretion. In the chapter on Bagdad the reader finds himself regretting the author's dry, common manner, and wishing that his touch were more pictorial. His fortune widens as he goes. He gives a copious account of the ruins of Babylon, from which it appears that he accepts the Tower of Babel as an historical fact, and is inclined to believe in its identity with the great mound, now invisible, known as Birs Nimrod. But he draws the line of acceptance at the confusion of tongues, and quotes from a "fugitive article" by the "Rev. E. P. Powell" in support of this attitude. After this Mr. Myers's journey became magnificent. Down the Tigris again, into the Persian Gulf, and across the Gulf in time to catch, at Bushire, a caravan which led him across Persia—past more ruined cities and through picturesque mountain passes, among traces, still vivid, of the late horrible famine, to Shiraz and Persepolis. The very names here seem full of the stuff that delightful books of travel are made of; but Mr. Myers continues rather tame, and has little else for the poor Persian civilization but cursory

tempt, which, though doubtless in a sense rational enough, is not what reader bargains for in the way of entertainment. But archaeology en-ens our author, and he gives an interesting report of the magnificent ins of Persepolis, where he found "Stanley, *New York Herald*, engraved between the eyes of one of the colossal bulls, in letters as bold as the Ujiji expedition." Remote posterity, Mr. Myers remarks, will have "a real time" discussing, amid this conflict of evidence, just who it was that set up these bulls. The last part of the volume is devoted to the narration of

a rapid run from Bombay up into the Himalayas and the Vale of Cashmere, where it was the author's purpose to spend a portion of the summer.

The work is readable, thanks to the subject; but we think that we do not misrepresent it in saying that it makes the more enquiring reader wish very frequently that he might have had half the author's chance. The illustrations are poor, and in place of them we should have preferred a map with the indication of Mr. Myers's course.

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The lady seems to be one of those intrepid invalids who never give out and never recede, who make a conquest out of a health-tour, and who exhaust courier after courier and dragoman after dragoman as they penetrate everywhere, feeble and invincible.

She makes a circle of personal friends among the Bedouens, she buys one of Zenobia's pearls at Palmyra, and finds that *kohl* has a very useful effect in preventing the eyelids from blistering.

The book in its present edition is a portfolio of spirit-paint water-colors, from which the reader may at every moment select the brightest imaginable views, whether of Egypt, Anatolia, or Greece—Philæ, in the richness of its painted architecture, or Tadmor, "with the desert around it dipped in molten silver."

Undoubtedly one of the best books of travel, whether for solidity or entertaining power, is the Baron de Hübnér's 'Ramble Round the World.' This narrative, of which the translation by Lady Herbert has recently been published by Macmillan & Co., describes the writer's course from Queens-town to New York, and from San Francisco, by way of Japan and China, home again through the Asiatic waters and the Mediterranean Sea.

As we read his strangely penetrating criticisms of Mongolian life and its arts, we are reminded of the unfulfilled desire of Théophile Gautier, to have visited the recluse of nations, Japan, and to have written about it the most wonderful book in the world.

His tact in selecting telling passages for narration reminds one of Taine, but, with a philosophy far more profound and flexible than Taine's, he sees life according to the variety and inexhaustible caprice of nature, and without the predetermination to find a type in everything.

His 'Ramble Round the World' is the fascinating table-talk of a tourist of culture, and the record of a journey made under very unusual advantages. Whether he visits the Mikado, "after the precedent furnished by the previous audience granted to Mr. Seward," or talks with those "born bureaucrats," the *literati* of China, or sleeps with back-woodsmen at the foot of Yosemite, he is always the same easy companion and perfect gentleman, using his rare facilities so as only to increase the number of his friends. To this number he adds every successive reader of his book.

A tract without the drug flavor of the tract, the little book by Mrs. Millicent Garrett Fawcett, called 'Tales in Political Economy,' contains a great deal of Northern wisdom under the waving foliage of an imaginary tropical island. The easy directness of Miss Martineau, and the pleasant lesson-reading of Miss Edgeworth when at her best, are so reproduced in this miniature chain of stories, just issued by Macmillan & Co., as to instruct the reason while captivating the fancy.

The writer's parables, under the form of a pleasant Crusoe-life, are very happy and forcible; one of her illustrative tales, where the Protective policy is portrayed in the Senate who permitted no windows in the towns because they owned the palm-trees and wished to keep a monopoly of lamp-oil, is worthy of Dean Swift.

A work necessarily of enormous labor, but brought to symmetrical form and polished into easy reading, is the 'Scandinavian History' of Miss E. C. Otté, just published by Macmillan & Co. The fables of Phœnician travellers and the dreams of primeval Skalds are here disentangled and purified, resulting in a plain, bright thread of narrative, along whose course gleam like gems the lives of Christina, Vasa, and Charles XII. This history is compact in form and may be soon mastered, but its erudition is immense.



